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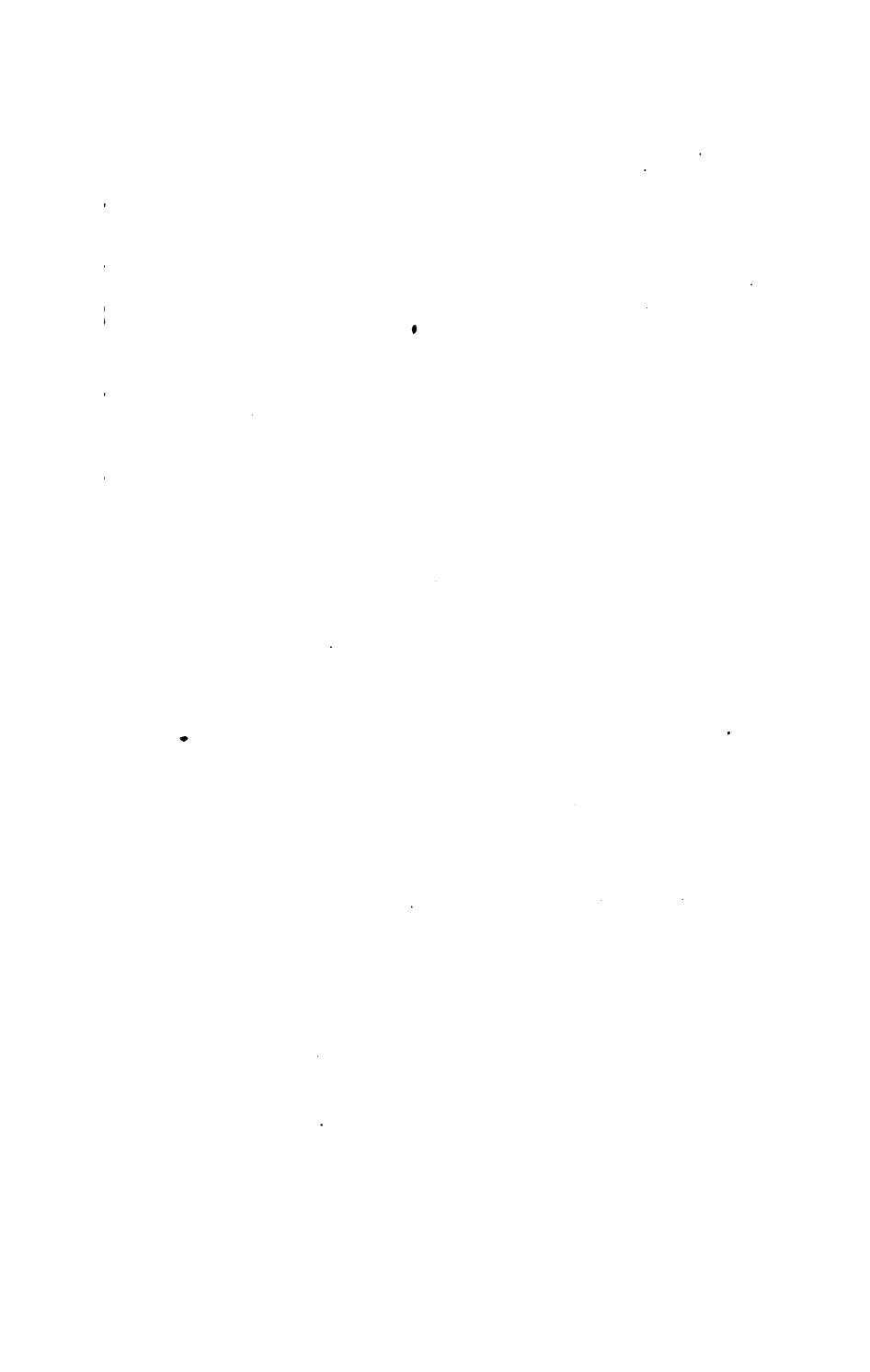


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THE  
**IRISH VALET;**

OR,

WHIMSICAL ADVENTURES

OF

**PADDY O'HALORAN:**

WHO,

AFTER BEING SERVANT TO SEVERAL MASTERS,

BECAME

MASTER OF MANY SERVANTS.

---

BY THE LATE

**C. H. WILSON, Esq.**

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

*Author of* POLYANTHEA, BROOKIANA, BEAUTIES OF BURKE,  
WANDERING ISLANDER, &c. &c.

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" Notwithstanding the plague I have had in my travels, I have  
" however learn'd to know mankind, and reflect upon their  
" whimsies.—D'ARGENS.

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*To which is prefixed,*  
**THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.**

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LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY M. ALLEN,  
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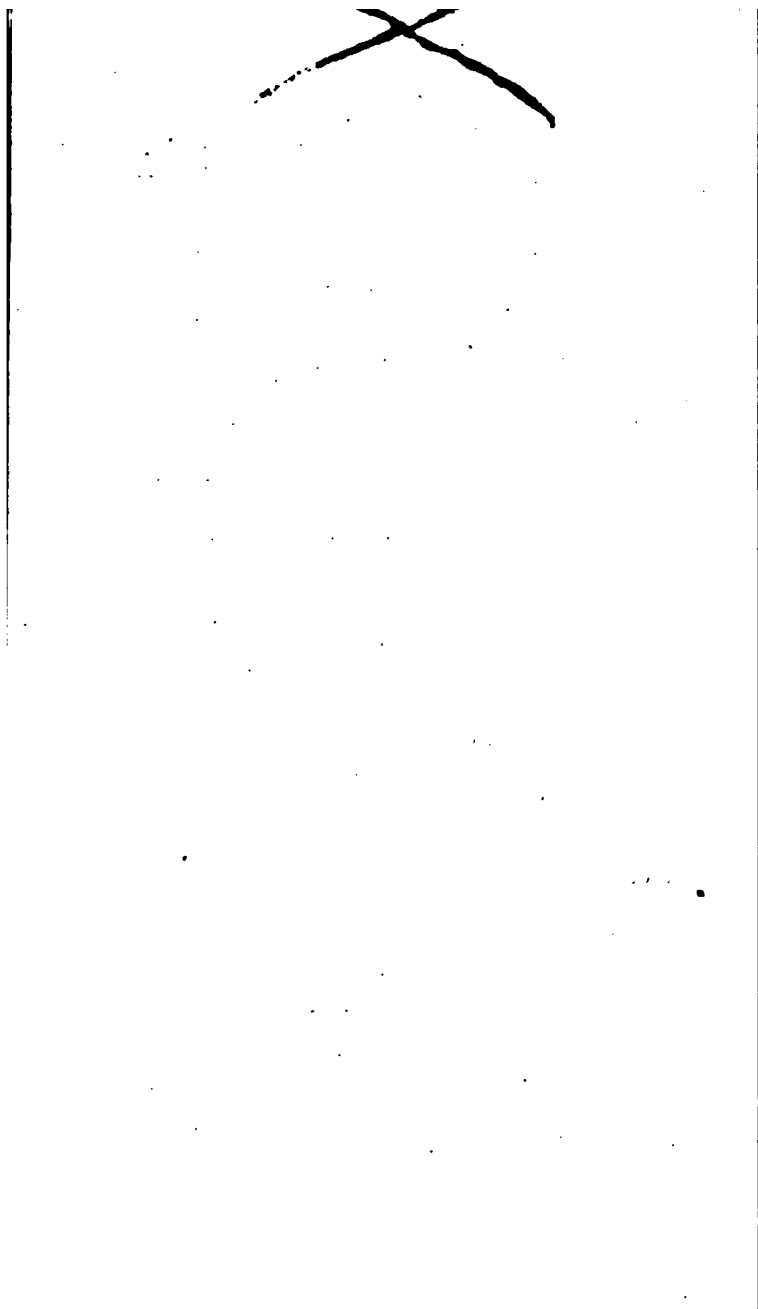
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TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

## EARL MOIRA.

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MY LORD,

I beg to solicit your acceptance of the annexed volume, written by a virtuous amiable scholar, who, after struggling with heart-rending trials, and draining to the lees adversity's most bitter cup, was happily released a few months since from this distressing world.

Had he been a reverend *book-maker*, a flimsy tourist, a milk-and-water novelist, or a pitiful composer of melo-dramas, he might have had a country-house, servants in livery, horses and hounds:—he might have had his portrait stuck in magazines, or been pointed out in Hyde-Park as an author! but he had genius, fancy, erudition, wit, and those high qualities which invest a scholar with legitimate claims to pass his days in penury, obscurity, and wretchedness,

With Mr. Wilson's worth and talents your Lordship was acquainted, and his having had the honor to share your regard, I must now record as one of the most auspicious events of his life. Not many years since, Mr. Wilson gave some entertaining volumes to the world, which he felt a pleasure in dedicating to your Lordship, because he was not only proud to offer you a public testimony of respect and gratitude, but also felt assured that nothing could reflect more honor on his judgment, than the choice of such a patron. Actuated by congenial feelings, I have taken the liberty of inscribing to your name this his little posthumous production,—in which I presume you will discover many traits of native humour, and some specimens of talent of no ordinary class.

I have the honor to be,

With unfeigned admiration

of your character,

Your Lordship's obedient servant,

THE EDITOR.

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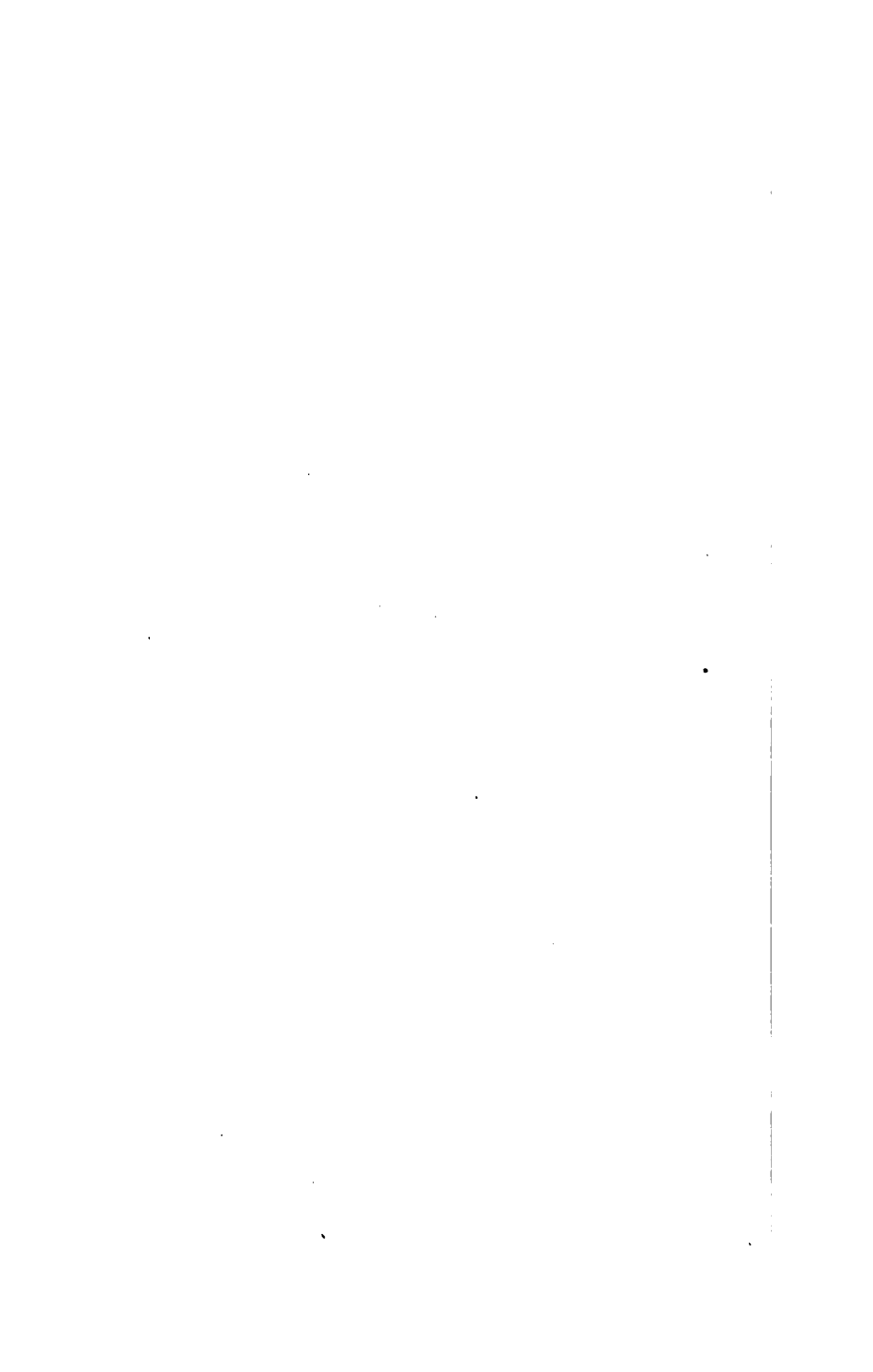
THE  
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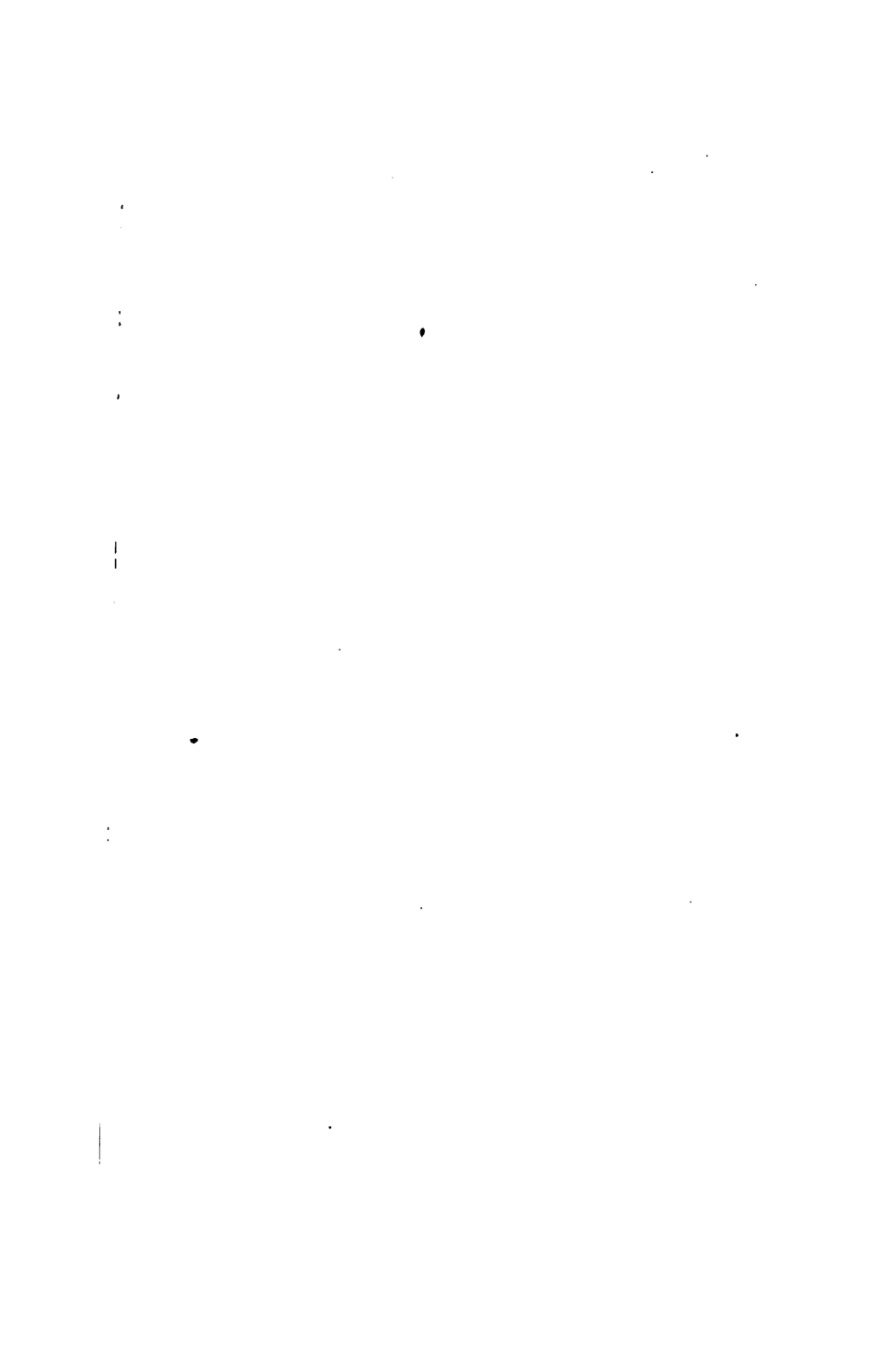
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**I**F we consult the lives of wits and men of genius, we find but few who were exempt from that afflictive lot the poet Beattie has described with so much force and pathos in the Minstrel. Alas! how many of those bards, whose works we deem inestimable, and whose very names we now regard with veneration, were doom'd to pass their days in woe;

- “ To feel the influence of malignant star,
- “ And wage with fortune an eternal war.
- “ Check'd by the scoff of pride, by envy's frown,
- “ And poverty's unconquerable bar,
- “ In life's low vale remote, to pine alone,
- “ Then drop into the grave, unpity'd and unknown.”

Few circumstances more powerfully excite regret in generous minds, than a perusal of the calamities sustained by literary men; yet how seldom do these sympathetic mortals fly to the relief of genius in distress? How few are found





vereign bliss of wealthy literati. There, painful ruminations on present, and mournful anticipations of future evils usurping all his faculties, soon put to flight all air-built schemes, poetic extasies, and philosophic contemplations.

It cannot be sufficiently lamented that Mr. Wilson was not among the number of those who could calmly repose "in classic shades and academic bowers," as he was eminently gifted for philological pursuits, and imbu'd with a genuine relish for intellectual improvement. There is reason to believe he designed to have translated Snorrius's History of the Kings of Norway, publish'd some years ago in Dutch and Latin, a work which would prove highly entertaining to those who are interested by researches into the remoter periods of European history. His copy of this book contains proofs of his having perus'd it with indefatigable attention, as it is full of comments and marginal notes; but his indigence, and the length of time necessary for so laborious an undertaking, most probably discourag'd him from the attempt; he, however, found sufficient leisure to execute a work which reflects the highest credit on his judgment.

No man more liberally appreciated superior excellence than Mr. Wilson, nor could he endure to think the merits of a genius like Edmund

mund Burke were so little known, or so unfairly estimated by his countrymen. As a statesman, Burke had long been unpopular, and the odium attached to him as a political writer, deterred thousands from perusing his compositions, who, whatever they might have thought of his principles, would have been enraptur'd by an exhibition of his oratorical abilities. This suggested to Mr. Wilson the idea of compiling a volume of extracts from the writings and speeches of this illustrious orator, that his merits might be considered in some measure abstracted from his political character; and that the lovers of literature might on easy terms be brought acquainted with a man whose talents cannot be thought of without pride and exultation; for by a contemplation of his knowledge, genius, eloquence, and fancy, we arrive at such enlarged and lofty views of human capacity, as it would not otherwise have entered into our imagination to have conceived.

That Burke stands unrivalled as an orator, will not, we think, be disputed by those who candidly peruse his works; nor will they hesitate transferring to himself the splendid panegyric which he once pronounc'd on Sheridan. It may be said, for the honor of Ireland, that she has given birth to the only orator who can be nam'd in the same age with Burke. Need we



here record the name of Curran, a pleader, in whose ardent breast the muse of rhetoric has kindled her best fires?

In 1798 this excellent collection of oratorical flowers was first published under the title of "Beauties of Burke;" some memoirs of the author were prefixed, in which considerable biographic talents are displayed. Among many other interesting matters, we find there the following pleasing anecdote of Sir George Saville, a man of great philanthropy and worth; whose memory has been embalmed by Burke's own pen in an epitaph which was engraved upon his monument in York cathedral.

"About this time Mr. Burke had formed a most intimate friendship with Sir George Saville. That good man, who was very justly looked up to as the land-mark of the constitution, went to Ireland about this time, for the humane purpose of meliorating the condition of his numerous tenantry in that country. Having rode out one frosty morning without any attendant, he espied a man at a little distance, with whom he commenced the following conversation. 'Who does that mill belong to?' 'I rent it, Sir.' 'And what is the reason that your mill is not better thatch'd, and yourself better clad?' 'I cannot help it, Sir, I have a large family,

ly, and I do not eat the bread of idleness, but I pay a high rent.' 'Who is your landlord?' 'An Englishman, Sir, and one of the best of men, Sir George Saville.' 'How much do you pay an acre?' 'Fourteen shillings.' 'What did you pay?' 'Ten.' 'Then take your bill and write down ten, for I am your landlord!' *The poor man could only look up to heaven, as much as to say, you have dropped down from thence.* Sir George made similar deductions over all his estate, but he who was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame, was called too soon to receive the reward of his virtue."

Mr. Wilson is often elevated by the dignity of his subject to a strain of energetic, figurative writing, approximating to the manner of the mighty genius he aspires to celebrate, which will appear from further extracts: "The Americans had been traduced in the ministerial prints as the spawn of stews and prisons, the mere *purgamenta urbium*. Mr. Burke touched on this string, and with the finger of a master,—the predominant feature of their character was a love of liberty; they sought it in the midst of deserts, religion went before them like a pillar of light, and the songs of Zion soothed the wild murmurs of the Ohio." Speaking of the support given by Mr. Burke to bills relative to the trade of Ireland, which gave umbrage to his

constituents of Bristol, he thus vindicates the Statesman's motives.

“ He only attempted to awaken the long-neglected Irish Harp, not at the expence of the British Lyre, but that the notes of both might flow in all the concord of sweet sounds, and that the hearts of both nations might dance to the music.” He thus alludes to his speech in favour of Fox's India Bill.

“ Mr. Burke rose, and defended the principles of the Bill in a speech in which it may almost be said that he surpassed himself. In brilliancy of language and richness of argument, it would not fall short of a comparison with India itself. Such dominion of mind, such grasp of thought, such powers of description, and so intimate a knowledge of the subject, that every scene seemed to be the effect of magic instead of oratory; the peroration is the finest in any language, for it was the character of his friend Mr. Fox.”

In another place on the subject of his rhetorical powers, he observes, “ Mr. Burke paid very little attention to the graces: as his utterance was in general vehement, so were his gestures frequently impassioned and extravagant. His reading was various, and he had the happy art  
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of making every thing he read his own, so that his plagiarism often escaped in the peculiar flow and modification of his words. His memory was tenacious, his imagination so fervid and headstrong, that it could scarce be restrained by his judgment, 'but swelled due on, and scarce ever knew retiring ebb!'—the weight of his argument was sometimes obscured by the brilliancy of his fancy, as the solidity of the sun's body is concealed by the effulgence of his beams. In the heat and whirlwind of his passions, he fell at times into a vein of coarse invective, and gave loose to low expressions; as the rapid showers in South America, when their torrents sweep down gold from the mountains, oft imbed the precious ore in clay, soil it with mud, or mingle it with common sand." Lord North used wittily to style these invective ebullitions; the *Lava* of Mr. Burke's eloquence; a simile not less appropriate than forcible, if we consider that it is the property of *Lava* to bespatter, soil, offend, and burn at the same time.

Mr. Wilson having been led by the connection in which it stood with his subject to mention Mr. Sheridan's celebrated oration on the Begum charges, pays that tribute of acknowledgement to the speaker's talents, which is due to him from every man who cultivates a love of letters. He happily remarks, that to specify any passage  
in

in that speech as possessing pre-eminence of excellence, would *be like attempting to single out a star in the milky way*. And in another place, speaking of the many fine passages abounding in Mr. Burke's speeches during the trial of Hastings, he says, "their beauties were as countless as the beauties of the fair assembled to listen to them;" nor could a higher compliment be paid to any orator.

Mr. Wilson in another place, speaking of the Farmers General in France, describes them as a set of wretches who *drank the tears of the widows and the orphans out of cups of gold*.

After alluding to that passage in which the enormities of Congo Bulwant Sing and Debi Sing were pourtrayed by the orator, Mr. Wilson closes with these observations: "Here Mr. Burke dropt his head upon his hands, unable to proceed, so greatly was he oppressed by the horror which he felt at this relation. The effect of it was visible through the whole auditory; the late Mrs. Sheridan fainted away, several ladies sunk under the agitation of their feelings, amongst others Mrs. Siddons. Such a tragedy was never exhibited on any stage, or delivered in such impassionate tones; and when his tongue could no longer perform its office, indignation and pity alternately spoke from his brow."

Of

Of the Statesman's political apostasy Mr. Wilson gives a very lenient account: the rigour with which he was accustomed to censure such delinquency seems to have been utterly disarmed by the reverence with which he contemplated Burke's transcendent genius and talents; he, however, could not suppress a mention of the fact, on which he makes the following comment. "We have now followed Mr. Burke to this period (1783) and it was easy and pleasant to follow him, as the road was direct, and he was always in the middle of it; and though there were alluring prospects on either hand, he was never known to be drawn aside from the rugged paths of virtue and integrity. He had travelled this road many years, and was never known to faint or lag in the dreary journey: with many companions, it is true; rich in worth, rich in wealth, but Mr. Burke was only rich in fame; and he had a son the centre of his affections. Mr. Burke at that period shone to the highest advantage in every point of view, and even the shades of his character served to embody the lights." We shall forbear selecting further extracts, presuming the above specimens are sufficient to evince Mr. Wilson's talents in the more dignified departments of literature. But it must be confessed after all, that Mr. Wilson's real forte was humour—he was in truth a joyous, choice companion, a facetious wit,

wit, and had perhaps the happiest talents for raillery and repartee of any man in existence.

If it was possible to make a genuine collection of his *Bon Mots*, a wondrous fund of entertainment might be afforded to regale the votaries of Momus; but alas! all application to his unworthy associates has proved unavailing; all his brilliant sallies of imagination, all the coruscations of his playful fancy, have been suffered to die away like the transitory effulgence of nocturnal meteors. Although he was usually affable and mild in his deportment, he was a perfect master of sarcasm, and when provoked to use it, could bestow chastisement on impertinence with the best grace imaginable. Being one day at the house of a peer, a military coxcomb took the liberty to comment on his dress, and particularly alluded to a speck of dirt on his breeches.—“That is of small importance,” said Wilson, “a little fuller’s earth or soap will soon remove this spot, but all the white-washers or scourers in the kingdom, Sir, will never take the stains out of your character.”

On another occasion being much annoyed by the impertinent tattle of an empty fellow who kept haranguing him on the subject of political finance, he bluntly told him, “If it should please  
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ministers to impose *a duty on ignorance, his head would not escape the tax.*"

Having called one evening on a worthy alderman, a certain city Baronet stept in,—a fellow of more renown than Alexander the Great himself, for he is now universally recognized as the greatest hero in his way that ever flourished. Alexander found a rival in Julius Cæsar, but this hero's pretensions to superior celebrity as a *noodle* never have been doubted, and doubtless never will be questioned to the end of time. This man, who may be defined as a perfect Nadir to the Zenith of Genius, the genuine antipodes to wit and learning, this man (if a two-legg'd creature with the soul of a goose, and the garbage of a bear, deserves to be called so\*) wishing to make merry at Wilson's expence, addressing him in a sneering manner, said, "So, Sir, you are a famous poet I find, come spout a little, Sir, spout a few verses." Mr. Wilson at first mildly observed that he neither professed to be a writer or a spouter of verses, and begged to disclaim all pretensions to the name of a poet; but the Baronet continuing to urge his demand in a manner the most irksome, Wilson begged to know if he had ever heard of such

\* "Erat enim et vultu deformis, et statura brevis, et

"Sagina ventris non homini sed belluæ similis."

a per-



a person as Solomon: "Yes," replied the Baronet, "he was the wisest man." "Well then, Sir," said Wilson, "I suppose you will allow it must be a proof of wisdom to follow his advice?" "Certainly," answered the Baronet, "but what has that to do with your spouting a few verses for my entertainment?" "You shall judge," said Wilson, "Solomon tells us never to *cast our pearls before swine*." The swine-like man with all his dulness and stolidity was so abashed at this rebuke, that he looked sillier than usual, and never more presumed to quizz the wit.

Mr. Wilson, upon another occasion by a happy display of drollery, brought to confusion an arrogant upstart who contradicted him at a tavern, while conversing with some friends: having soon discovered the ignorance of the man who intruded his remarks, he declined replying to him; but the self-important stranger was only provoked to greater loquacity, and concluded a dogmatic speech by violently rapping on the ground with a large stick, thus wishing to acquaint the company his eloquence had borne away the palm of victory. Mr. Wilson turning to him, exclaimed, with infinite archness, "Hold, Sir, you take unfair advantages, I cannot possibly undertake to argue both with you and your stick." This pleasantry created  
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ated so much laughter that the *wooden-headed* orator was silenced, and immediately took up his stick and walked off.

Mr. Wilson once travelling in an open carriage, got drenched with rain, and arriving at an inn, went into the parlour, hoping to dry his clothes, but he found the chimney-corner monopolized by a great fat consequential person, who totally debarred his access to the fire: he waited patiently some time, under an idea that room would be made for him, but the stranger still rudely kept his place. This determined Wilson to assail the enemy with ridicule, which soon produced the desired effect; for having by good fortune divined the fellow's occupation, he gave such a whimsical, yet severe description of knavish excisemen and their oppressive conduct to innkeepers, that he was glad to sneak off. The landlord, who overheard the conversation, was so delighted with Mr. Wilson's drolery, that he returned him thanks for having badgered the exciseman, and said if he would call the first time he came near his house, he would give him the fellow's history: accordingly a short time afterwards Mr. Wilson went to the inn, where the landlord greeted him with a most cordial welcome, declaring he had conferred an everlasting obligation upon him by having banished the exciseman, as he had never  
ven-

ventured to come in his sight since the lecture he read him. After remaining a few days, Mr. Wilson demanded his bill, which the landlord declined bringing, saying he had nothing to charge him, for the favour he had done him in expelling such a nuisance from his house, was more than he should be ever able to repay.

The poignancy of Mr. Wilson's satiric talents was once displayed with singular effect, in sketching the characters of some personages more illustrious for rank, than conspicuous for virtue and good sense. The humorous manner in which he exposed their follies and misdeeds, convulsed the company with laughter: indeed, such was the effect produced on one person present, that he never forgot the impression. This gentleman, though he was never but a few minutes in Mr. Wilson's company, expressed the greatest regret when he heard of his death, and voluntarily tendered a sum of money to be laid out in purchasing a monument.

Another curious anecdote of a different description may here be introduced, to show the promptness of the scholar's wit. Being admitted to an interview with a nobleman who knew his worth and talents, his lordship handsomely tendered him a ten pound bank note; Mr. Wilson, whose pride took the alarm, returned

turned it immediately, with the following observation : " My lord, I came here to visit you as a gentleman, not to obtrude myself as a candidate for your bounty." The peer, however, requested him to accept the note, and even forced it into his hand ; but Mr. Wilson observing his lordship's waistcoat to be open, threw the note into his bosom and took leave, exclaiming, " My lord, you never had money so near your heart before." It would be in vain to seek for a more elegant and well-turned compliment, a better thing could not be said ; and it may be further observed, that it had truth for its basis, being directed to one who is a nobleman in the genuine sense of the word, who is eminently gifted with shining qualities, and not less remarkable for amenity of manners than goodness of heart, and generosity of temper.

It has been observed by some writer that gratitude is not only an indication of moral worth, but also characteristic of a great mind. If there is truth in these maxims, the gratefulness of Mr. Wilson's disposition is an ample voucher for the goodness of his head and heart. On his arrival in London in a distressed situation, he found an asylum at the house of a person who supported him during a long and expensive fit of illness. Mr. Wilson on his recovery was so deeply affected by the goodness of his

his hosts, that he could not refrain from exclaiming, "If ever I forget the kindness of these people, may God forget me." Many years after he had an opportunity of evincing his gratitude, —for his benefactor having been arrested, he relieved him from prison by an exertion of his literary talents, appropriating to the discharge of his debts the *whole sum* obtained for his copy-right of Brookiana. Stimulated by feelings of benevolence, he on this occasion surmounted his natural love of indolence, and allowed himself no rest until he had accomplished his undertaking.

Mr. Wilson was not only grateful, but endowed with those elevated feelings, and glowing generosity for which men of superior talents have (with very few exceptions) always been remarkable. He has been frequently known to come home to his lodgings and fill his pockets with shirts and other wearing apparel for the relief of persons in distress. Had he been less liberal and social, there were times in which he might have saved a sufficient sum to ward off indigence, for he was actually once in the receipt of six guineas per week—a sum which at that time was down-right affluence; but he was not only prodigally generous in bestowing his money, but so careless as frequently to leave it about the room, and throw it amongst  
books

books and paper. A person who was one day sitting in the next room to him was astonished by hearing him suddenly exclaim, "Hah, rascal! what, you must take it into your head to desert me, like many more of my friends!" This apostrophé was addressed to a five pound note, which he found between the leaves of a book, where he had carelessly thrown it many months before.

A short time before his death he was shamefully duped by a person in whom he placed the utmost confidence, who cajoled him to accept a bill which he was finally compelled to pay. A man once came to Mr. Wilson and apprized him that a person, in his debt, was confined with a mortal illness, and told him if he did not *look sharp* he would certainly lose his money. "I thank you for your information, Sir," said Wilson, "but I don't think it would look scriptural to seize a sick man by the throat and cry out 'pay me that thou owest;' thank God, my appetite for money is not so *sharp set*, as thus to dun a poor man struggling with the agonies of death."

The abhorrence he felt at inhumanity once prompted him to rebuke a drill-sergeant, whom he saw unmercifully beating some recruits in the park. The fellow behav'd with great insolence, and threatened to treat him in the same manner.

manner. Mr. Wilson was at that time on his way to breakfast with an officer of the guards, to whom he related the scene he had witnessed : a report being made to the general, he ordered proper enquiries to be instituted, when the sergeant was found to have so unworthily fill'd his post that he was reduc'd to the ranks, but was soon after convicted of a robbery and transported.

The cause of Mr. Wilson's death appears to have been hæmorrhage from the lungs; in his dying moments he was tranquil and serene. The day previous to that event, a person, without consulting his wishes, sent a minister to see him, but when he became acquainted with the object of his visit, putting his hand out of bed, he wav'd to him as a signal to retire, and said calmly, " Go home, go home my good man, I do not need your services." A physician, with whom he once had been in habits of intimacy, called also about that time, and expressed surprise at his not having been required to attend him. " I remember, doctor," said Mr. Wilson, " that I once solicited a trifling sum from you, which was refus'd; but when this illness seiz'd me, I form'd a resolution to implore compassion, help, or charity from no man."

When Mr. Wilson first arriv'd in London he had only fivepence in his pocket, and at his death a shilling!

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THE  
IRISH VALET, &c.

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THE man who has undergone many vicissitudes, or been engaged in singular adventures, is considered under a continual obligation to amuse his friends by a recital of his memoirs; nor can he, without being deemed uncivil or ungrateful, neglect to gratify the curiosity of those who profess to sympathize in his misfortunes, or who testify a generous concern in every occurrence that tends to the advancement of his comfort or prosperity.

The sons of sorrow are consoled by uttering their griefs to those who hear them with compassion; and the favorites of fortune double their enjoyments by detailing them to those



those benignant auditors who take delight in every event that makes a fellow creature happy : under the influence of such powerful motives men become communicative, and their affairs afford topics of conversation to all who know them—The interest a few partial hearers take in such narrations is with them a sufficient motive to urge their publication, that the pleasure they have enjoyed may be extended to the world at large.

But this is not the only motive which induces the adventurer and traveller to turn historian. The avidity with which such works are read, holds forth an irresistible temptation to publishers and authors.—Lured by the hope of gain, a Garretteer invokes nine *muses*, and the Printer calls about him twice as many *devils*, to provide amusement for the public. Nor are these labourers in the literary vineyard thought unworthy of their hire. The half starved author gains, perhaps, for three successive weeks, a scanty portion of that daily bread for which he so long prayed in vain, before  
he

he entertained the blessed project of composing an *authentic* history.

As for the bookseller, his profits from the sale enable him to add turtle and venison, madeira, claret and champagne, to the luxurious cates which daily decorate his table; nay, his snug villa too, soon gains commodious wings that owe their being to the happy *flights* of some *light-headed* bard, who by galloping his Pegasus a few days round Parnassus, enables the bookseller his master to ride about for the remainder of his days in a barouche and four.—Such are the remunerations enjoyed by the authors and the publishers of histories; it is not then a matter of astonishment that the public is so frequently indulged with dainty morsels of biography. It cannot be denied that many authentic travels, voyages, memoirs, and narratives are as full of fictions as Lucian's *True History*, the travels of Cyrano de Bergerac to the moon, and many others which it would be here impertinent to mention; yet they have been so graciously received that men indued with a

prolific fancy still continue to invent them, but they seldom venture to edit them without prefixing some modest reason for their appearance. Sometimes they are induced to print their works because they have been assured by many persons of superior taste and judgment that they would contribute in no small degree to the instruction and amusement of the public; sometimes they are published in compliment to a particular sect, or to support some peculiar tenets; occasionally they appear by the express desire of some titled Meccenas, whose authority it would be presumption and ingratitude to disregard; sometimes they are put forth to manifest the genius of some departed scribbler, or for the benefit of a poet's rich relations, who *humanely* suffered the poor wretch to starve.

As it is become so much the mode to assign some cause for publication, I shall not unfashionably withhold the motive which induced me to compose the following memoirs.

Nei-

Neither the lust of gain or literary emulation prompted me to figure as an author, but I have simply taken up my pen to entertain a few warm-hearted sons of Erin, who will read with sentiments of fellow-feeling the adventures of a man who moved in their own sphere of life.

I am not so presumptuous as to aim at pleasing readers of refinement, I leave the task of doing that to those who boast the happy art of dishing up a dainty mess of fashionable scandal.—As I am no candidate for the applause of critics, I trust I shall not be an object of their vengeance—no, they will suffer me to pass in safety. I feel that I have nought to fear from the assault of these illustrious beasts of prey. Lions disdain to war with mice, and eagles suffer flies to buzz about in safety.

But as I am now resolved to write my life, I shall cut short the introduction; for a long avenue is counted tedious, even when it leads us to a splendid edifice, or to a blooming garden.

I was born in Ireland at Kilcock on the road to Athy, in the year of our Lord 1770: my parents were pious, so as soon as I could lisp they taught me to say my prayers; they were industrious, and taught me to work; they were scholars, and taught me to read and write;—they died poor, and left me to seek my fortune in the wide world. I had but one sister, and she was married to Garret Magarry, a good-natured fellow, who wished to bring me up to his own business, but notwithstanding the handsome eulogium my sister pronounced on the *old trade of basket making*, I refused to learn it from her husband, who finding my determinations not so flexible as the green osiers he wrought with, soon abandoned his design, saying, I was too stubborn a stick to serve a basket-maker's purpose. As I was then almost sixteen, Magarry pressed me to lose no time in getting settled, a word in those days I by no means relished, for to own the truth I was a sad unsettled kind of fellow, whose head was full of roving notions. I told the basket-maker

maker I was not born like a plant to flourish and rot in one place, and gave him to understand I was determined to see something of the world; faith and I soon saw more than enough of it.

There was a miserly old fellow in our neighbourhood named Matthew Muckeridge, Esq. who had amassed great riches by usury: his appearance was alike disgusting and ridiculous, he wore but one suit of cloaths since he came to the years of discretion, which one of his relations, a sarcastic lawyer, called his chancery suit. You could course a hare and a pack of hounds round the leaf of his hat; his very wig was bald with age, his shirt got washed seven times in fourteen years, when that operation was discontinued, as the cloth became too delicate to bear such rough usage as it met with at the washerwoman's, who in wringing it separated the tail part from the head-piece. As to his hose they had been darned so often that it would have puzzled a jury of stocking-weavers to decide if they were ribb'd or plain.

A thief broke into his house one night and walked off with a flower-pot, in the mould of which he had concealed above a hundred guineas: he hung himself in a fit of despair, and was found dangling like a rope of onions upon his bacon rack in the pantry, by the cook when she went to examine her rat-traps the next morning. He left a son and daughter behind him, but no will, for misers cannot endure the idea of leaving their money to any body. The heir, a jovial youth, took me into his service at Magarry's recommendation; as he was determined to let his neighbours see he was no miser, he kept an open house for them, and in less than three weeks drank out as many hogsheads of wine in bumpers to the memory of old *Square Toes*. Although he honored me with the title of Valet, his sister soon let me know she expected me to act as many parts as Scrub in the *Beaux Stratagem*; she wished to make me her any thing, her every thing, but I took so little delight in the employments she allotted me, that I resolved to give the 'Squire  
warn-

warning: he was unwilling to part with me, and undertook to release me from the usurped authority of his capricious sister, to whom he spoke as follows the next morning: "Peg, as I did not hire Pat to do your business, but my own, I desire you will get somebody else to job your jobs. Can't you be after taking some young buxom hussey for your valet—for Patrick can find plenty of employment without blacking your clogs, fetching your snuff, lacing your stays, or drowning your blind kittens."

As he concluded by signifying his readiness to pay the wages of her waiting-woman, and to engage an errand-boy if she thought proper, Miss Margaret closed with the 'Squire's offer, hired a cobbler's daughter to be her Lady's maid, and I was released from the office of bird-feeder, monkey-nurser, cosmetic wash-maker, lanthorn-carrier, and a thousand other occupations which I had been compelled to hold conjointly with my valetship.

I now lived in clover, to be sure my master was rather passionate, and gave his



servants a box or two when he was in the humour for it, but as he would be sorry for it, ask our pardon, and give us a handsome present when he cooled again, we soon got reconciled to his vagaries. The Squire was no scholar, read nothing but hunting songs, and preferred the sound of his whip-thong to all the diphthongs and trip-thongs in the dictionary; so I kept my learning to myself, which I regretted in the sequel, as I should otherwise have been promoted to the rank of secretary, a kind of animal as necessary to him as his horse and dog, for he carried on an amatory correspondence with half the wenches in the neighbourhood, and engaged one Luke O'Neil to write love-letters for him at so much the score.

Luke had been usher to a boarding-school at Limerick, but having been detected in crim. con. with his mistress, was obliged to cross the water, and trudge to England as fast as feet could carry him. He lived eighteen months in London by making sausages and wheeling dogs-meat through  
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the streets; but that trade failing, he hired a garret in the neighbourhood of St. George's Fields, fitted it up as a chapel, and commenced methodist preacher. With the help of two collection sermons a month, and by the sale of some choice hymn books, he made it out pretty well, but having entered on a broomstick marriage with a young lady from Wapping of an extravagant turn, she got him so much in debt that he thought it prudent to decamp one morning and leave his better half to settle with his creditors.

After having wandered about the globe in as many situations as Gil Blas, he at last fixed himself in our village as journeyman Barber, with the hope of shortly marrying his master's daughter and succeeding to his business, to which he meant to add corn-cutting and tooth-drawing. Luke was a shrewd fellow, who possessed great knowledge of mankind, and was no mean scholar. To him I am indebted for all my scientific acquirements, and my little stock of Latin, for I had a memory like pitch, every thing stuck to it; and if I had but stuck close to

the classics myself, I verily believe I should soon have figured as professor at a University, but all men are not born to keep schools, or live in colleges. My master ran Luke so hard that he could not possibly supply the whole of his epistolary wants, and he was glad enough occasionally to avail himself of my assistance. After so frequently changing the objects of his gallantry, the 'Squire gave away his undivided heart to a bewitching little damsel named Elleen O'Rourke, a miller's daughter. She was a cold-blooded flirt, incapable of loving man or beast, and led the 'Squire a precious chase through all the brakes and briers of courtship: however, as she had no objection to better her condition, she encouraged his pursuit till she almost got him within the pale of the church, but there the sportsman stopt short, and though he piqued himself on being a bold rider, declined engaging in such a desperate neck-or-nothing *steeple match*. Elleen was as cunning as a pet fox, and in answer to all his pressing supplications gave him to understand in a few laconic words that she had no  
 objec-

objection to "crown his felicity by giving him her hand in wedlock;" but that was not the way the 'Squire wanted to lay hold of it: he swore that matrimony and wedlock were the two ugliest sounding words in all the english language, and he never could hear them without putting his fingers in his ears. Luky was by no means backward at strengthening his antipathy to Hymen's watch-words; he swore they were words of most unlucky import—mark the ends of them, he used to say, *money* and *lock*; now the first will always act as a key to open the last: moreover, as Peter Pindar says,

"Wedlock's a *lock*, however strong and thick,

"That every rascal has a *key* to pick."

But Elleen was determined not to surrender on any other terms; so the 'Squire was under the necessity of cutting the connection, but he was so far gone in love that Luke was afraid he would not effect his cure without cutting his throat a little, or just blowing a few of his brains out; however, he had recourse to another expedient, for by way of escaping out of Cupid's clutches he  
threw

threw himself plump at once into the arms of Bacchus, where unfortunately he imbibed such a love of intoxication that in less than two years he drank out his right eye, and reduced the other to a state of incurable blinking. When the physicians found he was just upon the go, they sent him to Bath, where he was ordered to drink the waters, which soon wafted the poor fellow to the banks of Styx. I had soon the grief to see his coffin deposited in the vault of his ancestors. His death was much deplored by the whole neighbourhood, but none had so much cause to lament his loss as his poor Valet, who though he was compelled to walk last in the funeral procession, was undoubtedly chief mourner. The estate devolved to his sister Margaret, who the moment she possessed his riches, became susceptible of the same miserly propensities which disgraced her father. The sight of so many guineas had such a powerful effect upon her that it brought on a fit of the jaundice; and avarice was soon legibly written in letters of gold upon her wrinkled forehead.

head. She was a rare old-fashioned looking piece of goods, like the large coronation-chair preserved at Westminster Abbey, and might have passed for sixty-five, though barely turned of thirty. She soon began to display what she called her good economy: I was compelled to surrender the key of the wine-cellar, and ordered to clap a lock-cock on the small beer barrel: we were put on board-wages, the cats and dogs were left to shift for themselves, and the kitchen in the heat of summer was as cool as an ice-house.

Notwithstanding Miss Peggy was cast in the ugliest mould in nature's workshop, she now met with plenty of admirers, for lovers swarmed about her as thick as flies round carrion in July, and all because she had the rhino. Poets, who are in the condition of the fox who could not reach the grapes, may rail at gold, call it vile dross, base dirt, and stigmatize it as "the root of all evil;" but let me tell you this same *yellow dirt* is by no means so unpleasant to handle as some philosophers would have us think. As for a guinea, there's magic in the sound of it;  
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your guinea speaks the language of every country; in short, gold is the finest figure of rhetoric that can be used by any orator—it is all persuasive.

The miserable way in which I lived made me resolve to quit my quarters as soon as I could better myself, when I happened to make a discovery which hastened my departure. My mistress had become so very devout, that she was always the first and last in church, and her ideas of chastity grew so truly refined, that she would not let the male and female spectators repose together on the same shelf in her book-case, but she became so apprehensive of ghosts about this time, that she would not venture to sleep alone herself; a point which I ascertained one morning by mere accident. When she found I had stumbled on her secret, she determined to get rid of me, and calling me into her 'closet one morning, addressed me as follows: " Patrick, you was a faithful and affectionate servant to my dear brother, I love his memory, for which reason I wish to serve you. -I am satisfied you may do much.

" much better for yourself than remain here  
 " —what say you to a trip to England? that  
 " is the country where an Irishman is sure  
 " to make his fortune." I told her I should  
 like to see England above all places in  
 the world: " then," said she, " I'll look into  
 " my father's or my brother's ward-robe and  
 " endeavour to equip you with a handsome  
 " suit of clothes, such as a gentleman for-  
 " tune-hunter should appear in." Accord-  
 ingly after hunting about for half an hour I  
 collected together a genteel suit of the  
 'Squire's, which were in prime condition.  
 " Now, said she, Patrick, I'll give you a  
 " great-coat that belonged to my dear father,  
 " and then I think you'll be decently ac-  
 " coutred." She then presented me a sur-  
 tout that had been an heir-loom in the family  
 for centuries; it had passed through more  
 editions than the Pilgrim's Progress; and  
 afforded board and lodging to fifty thousand  
 generations of moths.

I accepted this precious relic, as she called  
 it, and determined if it did not blow to  
 powder, that I would sell it to a neighbour-  
 ing



ing farmer to make a barley-watcher, alias a scare-crow. When she paid me my wages, I was agreeably surprised to find the addition of three guineas made by way of defraying my expences to England. I went as far as Cork on foot, and met with no adventure worth noticing until I arrived in that city, when I was highly diverted at an incident which took place in one of the coaches that ply between Cove and Passage. One Doctor Bleer, a prim proud scotchman, who was as stiff-backed as if he had swallowed a kitchen-poker, engaged one of these coaches to carry him and a couple of his friends to Passage. The coachman was a queer blunt fellow, rougher in his behaviour than his nags were in their coats, and they, poor brutes, God knows, got little corn to make their hides sleek; this fellow took it in his head to drive in such a furious style that Doctor Bleer was apprehensive he would upset the coach, so he desired one of his companions to remonstrate with the coachman for his rashness. Accordingly the gentleman, who was a naval officer, putting his head

head out of the window, commanded him not to drive so fast. "Och, be aisy," said Jarvy, "you've no command here; you may be captain on board of your ship, but sure I'm captain of my own coach; by Jasus I know what sail I ought to carry without consulting a *say* officer;" and the devil an inch of canvass would he take in, although they kept bawling to him every five minutes: at last he gave them such a joltification over the pebbles, that he put the Doctor in a state of dreadful jeopardy for his old bones, that never were so briskly set in motion since the hour the midwife hawled him forth into the world. He shook his cane at the coachman, and swore he'd make him rue his conduct if he persevered in driving at such a rate. "I care no more for you than a pig," was the only answer Jarvy made him, and he never slackened his pace till he stopt at a house of call. It was then resolved by the Doctor and his companions not to proceed any further, and the naval officer began to reprimand the coachman for his rudeness, demanding if he was not ashamed of treat-  
ing

ing gentlemen so insolently? "Gentlemen!" said the coachman with a sneer, "the *dibble* a gentleman have I seen since I left Cork." As they found that Coachy carried too many guns for them, they thought fit to drop the war of words, but a terrible dispute ensued when they refused to pay the sum agreed upon, and only tendered him five shillings, as he had not carried them to the end of their journey. Jarvy insisted upon their paying him the full fare, and clamoured loudly for a pot of beer, which they had promised him into the bargain. He asked if they had ever travelled so fast before in their lives, and said if they chose to step into his coach again, they should go the remainder of the way with equal expedition; they affirmed that they would finish the journey on foot. Jarvy observed if they were resolved to walk, he should have the pleasure of getting to Passage before them, and accordingly he soon passed them at full speed.

At a short distance from town they were overtaken by a young Irish midshipman, to whom

whom having related their case, he volunteered his services to settle this important affair. At the entrance of the town they met the coachman, accompanied by a gang of wild-looking fellows with their toes peeping through their shoes, and the hair sticking out of their hats; they came with Jarvy to give battle to the Doctor and his party; but being informed by the midshipman that they had fire-arms, the ragged rogues appeared unwilling to commence hostilities. Jarvy renewed his claims to the full fare, and swore he would not even bate them the beer; but after a tedious altercation, the Doctor and his party got the whip-hand of poor Coachy, who was obliged to content himself with taking Larry to witness that he had only received five and fivepence instead of nine and ninepence, which was his honest due by all the laws of coach-hire.

After consulting several persons as to the best way of continuing my journey, I agreed to take my passage in a vessel bound to Bristol, and went on board of her that afternoon. I found a great variety of passengers in

in the cabin, and just before we weighed anchor was witness to a most affecting scene, occasioned by the separation of a poor old widow and her daughter, who evinced such unaffected grief that I could not forbear to sympathize in their distress. I never knew my mind so troubled before: tears started to my eyes. I felt a fluttering in my bosom, and such tender agitations as convinced me I had no pretension to be ranked with those philosophers who are denominated stoics. My feelings were excited to the utmost, and for the first time love exerted his dominion o'er my heart.

There are many who ridicule the idea of love at first sight, but every man who has seen much of the world will, I presume, feel no difficulty in believing that there are many instances of sudden and spontaneous attachments, like that with which I felt myself affected. A total and immediate change in my temperament was wrought by beholding an angelic girl, whose beauty of person and generosity of disposition were exhibited at once in a point of view that shewed them to  
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the utmost possible advantage. The unfeigned distress manifested both by the mother and daughter convinced me that their separation was mutually considered as a great misfortune. I doubted not that they were under the pressure of some peculiar affliction, and panted for an opportunity of gratifying my curiosity; but all I could learn from the captain of the vessel was, that the young lady's name was Mahon; that she was placed under the care of his wife, and was going to reside with an aunt who lived in the vicinity of London, but who was to meet her at Bristol. I gazed on her with inexpressible delight, and every time she heaved a sigh, or looked disconsolate, I felt as if I could lay down my life with transport to alleviate her sorrows, or redress the wrongs by which imagination told me she was now oppressed. I vainly strove to recommend myself to her notice, and attempted to engage her in conversation, but she was too much reserved to encourage the attentions which were offered to her by myself or any one, except the captain and his wife,

wife, to whom she behaved with a degree of affability and gratitude, which she seemed to think due to their civility. Notwithstanding her beauty, the humility of her demeanour was such as to create her no enemies amongst the women, while it secured her the admiration of all the males, who vied with each other in efforts to attract her notice. The obtrusive behaviour of one young coxcomb was so irksome to her, that I could not forbear from giving him a check; but this only increased his insolence. He imputed my interference to jealousy; said that Miss was flattered by his notice, and that he should *persevere* in giving her those proofs of gallantry which every pretty woman naturally looks for from a well-bred man. In reply to this I simply recommended him not to exceed the bounds of good breeding, lest he should have to pay the penalties attached to rudeness, which were sometimes of a nature too rude to please the refined taste of a Cranbourn-Alley Adonis. This galled the cockney's pride a little, for he did not wish all the world to know he followed

lowed the occupation of a man-milliner, a thing of all God's creatures the most despicable; but poor Billy Bobbin was unfortunately recognized by one of the women passengers, who had been served by him not many weeks before, with sundry articles of haberdashery, a circumstance she was induced to mention to the captain's wife, because Billy assumed great consequence, and passed himself off as an heir who had been to take possession of a fine estate in Connaught.

Although we discovered afterwards that he was sent over by his master in a *diplomatique* character to negotiate a treaty with Mrs. Gawzely of Cork, whom he was anxious to serve with Whitechapel cutlery; and Billy accordingly came over with a few samples of short whites, minikins, and sundry specimens of darning-needles, stuck in rows upon a housewife which he wore in his fob instead of a watch. When I touched upon Cranbourn-Alley, poor Billy was confoundedly confused, and blushed till his cheeks were the colour of red tape; but in revenge



for what I had made him suffer, he became more officious than ever in his attentions to Miss Mahon, who bore his impertinence with a resignation that proved her mind was occupied too much with serious objects of regret, to feel disquieted by petty evils.

I was however compelled next day to relieve her from this persecution, as he carried his insolence so far as to kiss her under the pretence of her being asleep in her chair; she was sitting with a handkerchief held to her eyes to conceal some tears that were involuntarily stealing down her cheeks, when the cockney coxcomb throwing his arms round her neck, kissed her lips with such a clownish rudeness, that the act of indecorum was audible, as well as visible to all the passengers; he accompanied this insult by an air of triumph, crying, "I've done a pretty afternoon's job Captain, mind, I takes you all to vittness that I've von a pair of gloves." "And I," said Miss Mahon, rising with a look of dignified resentment, "beg the company to vittness the contempt I entertain for a person capable of such insulting

sulting conduct." "Vell here's a fine to do about a kiss," said the cockney, "the most simplest voman in the *crehation* would not take no notice of such a trifling matter: if ladies goes to sleep in gentlemen's company, they are liable to get kissed, that's a custom as old as time; 'tis fair to vin gloves from pretty vomen all the vorld over, so I insists on having mine, and they shall be vite kid."

"I give you to understand, Sir, that I shall consider it a disgrace to sit at the same table with you," said Miss Mahon, "and if I cannot otherwise be protected from your impertinence, I shall confine myself to the state-room for the remainder of the voyage."

The Captain said it would be necessary for Mr. Bobbin to apologize to the lady for the liberty he had taken, and promise in future to behave like a gentleman, otherwise he could not think of suffering him to continue at the cabin-table; but Billy swore he would not apologize, for he had done nothing he need be ashamed of. I then went up on deck, being unwilling to create a disturbance amongst the passengers, but as I determined

to chastise the cockney, I sent down to say that him and the Captain were wanted: accordingly, when they came, I informed the milliner I sent for him to say he had behaved like a blackguard, and that if he did not apologize for his misconduct, I would pull his nose—a ceremony which I performed without any further hesitation, when he refused to comply with the alternative proposed.

The wringing of the nose he got, however, made him as tame as a bull when he gets pinn'd, and before I let go my hold, he was glad enough to promise making every atonement I thought proper. I told him as the insult was offered before all the passengers, the concession should be equally public, and proposed that the Captain should go down and announce Mr. Bobbin's request to offer an apology for the affront he had put on Miss Mahon. The fellow stammered out a few vulgar sentences, in which he departed as far from good grammar as he had formerly deviated from good breeding; they were however received with a cour-

courtesy of manner that bespoke the gentlewoman, and I confess the young lady's deportment on the occasion was such as redoubled my admiration.

She took an opportunity the next day when there was no person present but the captain's lady and myself, to tender me her acknowledgments for having relieved her from the persecution of a person whose freedom of manners and impertinent conversation had proved a great annoyance, but she at the same time regretted the measures I had adopted, assuring me that to be made the cause of a quarrel was irksome to the feelings of any woman who did not covet notoriety. The Captain's wife here put in a good word for me, and said she thought I deserved great credit for what I had done, and that I had shewn a becoming respect by avoiding to enter into any altercation in the presence of women.

Miss Mahon said she was not insensible to the civility of my intentions, and hoped sincerely that the service I had rendered her, would not prove the means of embroil-

ing me in an unpleasant adventure. The sweetness of her voice, and the kindness of her manner while saying these words, made my heart throb with rapture. Oh! thought I, what a pleasure it is to believe for a moment that her we love is interested in our welfare; she who would repine at our misfortune would undoubtedly rejoice in our prosperity. This was a kind of logic with which I persuaded myself into such a conviction of not being wholly below the regard of her I loved; that when I began to cast up the sum total of my feelings, I found I had a right to think myself happy, and I redoubled my satisfaction when I contrasted my situation with that of my rival, who had excited aversion and experienced contempt.

I could not close my eyes that night from an excess of joy. Till then, I had not entertained a ray of hope that I should find an opportunity of attracting her notice, but now my claim to some degree of fellowship had been admitted, and she seemed to consider me in the light of a  
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protector. The Captain and his wife treated me with increased civility during the remainder of our passage to Bristol, which was protracted several days by a foul wind. This was no source of regret to me, as I had an opportunity of hourly improving my intimacy with the Captain's wife, and had the happiness of discovering in the character of my mistress all the good qualities and accomplishments which could secure esteem and admiration; but what more particularly delighted me was a discovery that she was naturally cheerful, and possessed a great degree of wit, which, notwithstanding the settled gloom on her countenance, and the depression of her spirits, shone forth in those occasional flashes of vivacity, and sallies of rich humour, for which the daughters of Hibernia are so justly celebrated. The cockney fop was usually the object of her satire, whose vulgar pertness formed a striking contrast to the polished irony and playful raillery which constantly enlivened her discourse.

We arrived at Bristol without meeting

any disasters, and with a heavy heart I helped my mistress into the boat, nor could I for the soul of me forbear to drop a tear upon her hand. The Captain's wife, who noticed my embarrassment, and seemed to feel for me, invited me to accompany them on shore to tea, and said they could make room for me in the skiff, which being done I had the felicity of sitting in close contact with the woman I adored.

Let lovers judge my feelings : to attempt an explanation of them to any other class of beings, would be ridiculous. The Captain's wife was a woman well connected at Bristol, and had numerous visitors to congratulate her on her return, which was a source of great disappointment to me, as I had hoped to have enjoyed the conversation of my mistress without interruption. I found her aunt was expected from Clifton the next morning, and that they were to proceed to London from Bath the following night by the mail. This was a joyous piece of news, and I resolved to take a place in the same coach, notwithstanding  
I could

I could ill afford the money; but I would have given a golden mine, if I had it, to secure the happiness of enjoying her company twelve hours longer; besides, I thought I should be enabled to discover some particulars of her history, and determined in my own mind that I would not rest until I traced out the place of her residence. I was under the necessity of taking leave in a general way, as the room was full of strangers. I thought she regarded me with more than usual complacency, but the Captain and his wife were particularly civil.

When I found the distance to Bath was so short, I was determined to set off immediately on foot, to secure a place in the coach, notwithstanding the pitiful White-chapel ambassador, Mr. Bobbin, had the meanness to ask me to supper at the Bush, though the least I expected from him was an invitation to measure a needle with him the next morning.

I arrived at Bath time enough to secure my place in the coach that night, and rose early the following morning, hoping to get  
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a glimpse



a glimpse of Isabella, but I paraded the streets all day to no purpose. My heart began to sink, for I apprehended that her aunt had changed her determination, and meant to proceed to London by some different conveyance, or that she had postponed the journey to a future day. On enquiry at the coach-office, I found there was no place taken in the name of Mahon, and that only one lady's name was down; this was a Mrs. M'Donnel. As she was booked for two seats, and had a good old Irish name, I once more encouraged a faint hope that she might prove the aunt of Isabella. At the appointed time I repaired to the inn full of anxiety and trepidation, and had not been there five minutes before Isabella appeared with an elderly lady: my heart leaped so high for joy in my bosom, that I thought the rogue would have gone right head over heels like a merry-andrew.

I made my best bow to Miss Mahon, requested I might be allowed to see her luggage stowed, and after I had done so, presented my hand to the old lady by way  
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of helping her into the coach. O! the look she gave me, shall I ever forget it? no, that's impossible: it was a mixture of scorn, astonishment, and anger, a third of each, all twisted up together in one, like three yarns spun into a rope. She then gave Isabella another of these looks about two shades blacker, if possible, than that with which she presented me. She declined my hand, and took that of a waiter.

“ Who is this fellow that has the impudence to introduce himself without any ceremony to Mrs. M'Donnel?” is certainly the meaning of those looks, thought I. My cheeks turned pale when I saw Isabella assume an air of reserve, and hurry after the old lady into the coach, in a way expressive of anxiety to shun the helping hand I was about to proffer her. I was at a loss to conjecture why she now behaved with so much coolness, but was willing to hope it proceeded from the awe with which her aunt inspired her. I took my place opposite to Isabella, and observed I did not

expect I should have had the honour of being a land-passenger with her, but hoped we should not encounter such rough weather as we experienced between Cork and Bristol. I said this with a view of being introduced in form to the ceremonious Mrs. M'Donnel, not remembering that my name was unknown to her enchanting niece; however she did not hesitate to tell the old lady I was the gentleman to whom she was indebted for the polite attentions she had already had occasion to mention. On this the old lady gave me a kind of nod, more remarkable for dignity than familiarity.

The door now opened, when a fat old gentlewoman with a lap-dog under one arm, and a monkey under the other, was with difficulty squeezed into the coach; but what was my astonishment to find that a man as lusty as herself prepared to follow her, "Where in the name of goodness are you coming, Sir?" exclaimed Mrs. M'Donnel. "Where is the gentleman coming Ma'am?" retorted the fat old lady, "why most assuredly to take his place in the coach;

coach ; this is the London Mail, I presume. My dear, bring the macaw, he shall sit in your lap, but Thomás must take the squirrel with him on the roof."

" Mr. and Mrs. Pidcock, and family, I *presume*," said Mrs. M'Donnel, with a sarcastic grin : then turning to me, desired me to be good enough to call the coachman. She was immediately obeyed, and on the coachman's arrival she demanded if the mail carried *eight* passengers inside ? The coachman said a mistake had arisen somewhere, but he could not say how : the book-keeper at that moment came to announce that Mrs. M'Donnel must relinquish one of her places, as Dr. Doublechin had booked himself for two, previous to her application. The Doctor declared he would maintain his title to a seat without flinching, and placed his foot upon the step with an intention to vault into the coach, but owing to his clumsiness fell backwards and knocked down the footman, who was standing by to hand in the macaw. The Doctor's wig came off, the squirrel

squirrel and his cage rolled into the kennel, the macaw fled for refuge to the coach-office, the lap-dog barked, the monkey chattered, the fat old lady screamed, the Doctor groaned, Mrs. M'Donnel scolded, the spectators laughed, and all was uproar and confusion.

The coachman insisted that one of the passengers must give up the place in dispute, without delay, as he could not suffer them to detain the coach a moment longer. Mrs. M'Donnel said she could not without serious inconvenience delay her journey to London, and absolutely must proceed.—“And so must we,” said Mrs. Doublechin, “our journey is of great importance; the Doctor is going to solicit a vacant deanery; besides, if we were to delay our journey, Fidget might pup at Bath, in which case it would be impossible for us to travel for a month at least, her time is up to-morrow, pretty creature.” The coachman said, if one of the gentlemen would be so obliging as to ride outside, that would be the best way of settling the dispute. “That would indeed

deed be a great accommodation," said Mrs. M'Donnel, looking fully in my face. I could not misunderstand her, and declared that for Mrs. M'Donnel's accommodation I would most cheerfully resign my title to an inside place, although it could not be denied but I was the first person booked.

I immediately got out, and took my place by the coachman; the Doctor put on his wig, and with the assistance of a pair of steps, made shift to take possession of my vacancy; the horn blew, and off we went at a hand-gallop. I cursed my evil destiny for having by this sinister occurrence deprived me of a felicity which I had looked forward to with transport. I could not but consider it as an ill omen, which ought to warn me against giving way to an attachment that I could never reasonably hope would find encouragement from Isabella, and far less meet the approbation of her haughty relative. I passed a miserable night, and got compleatly drenched with rain. The fat old lady expressed extreme anxiety about the squirrel, and whenever

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the coach stopt enquired of the footman if he did not think he would catch cold, a degree of concern that she never felt for any other of the outside passengers. When we came to the inn at which we supped, Mrs. M'Donnel condescended to say she was sorry my civility towards her had exposed me to the risk of getting so wet, and said if my journey to town was not of great consequence she would advise me to remain all night at Speenham Land.

Isabella pressed me to follow her aunt's advice, more by looks, than with words. I endeavoured to convey surprize and disappointment by my own manner, though I answered her in language the most grateful. "Allowing that a person of my rank in life could possibly travel on the outside of a stage," said Doctor Doublechin, "I know not what would induce me to ride in all this rain; indeed, young gentleman, you'd better stay here to-night, you'd better go to bed immediately, and drink some white-wine whey; upon my word, I fear you'll catch your death of cold." "I'm dreadfully  
alarmed

alarmed for poor dear Scug, my dear," said Mrs. Doublechin, "if I can't prevail on that lady to let me take him inside, I absolutely must insist on Thomas's remaining here with him to-night." "Rest assured, Ma'am," said Mrs. M'Donnell, "I shall object to such a nuisance. I feel myself extremely incommoded by the present cargo of animals which you have thought fit to intrude upon us: good God, Ma'am, do you mean to turn the coach into a Noah's Ark?"

I could not refrain from grinning at this pleasant sally, and as for Doctor Doublechin, he testified his approbation of her drollery, by shaking his fat sides with frequent bursts of laughter. The guard now summoned us, and we resumed our stations, with the exception of the footman, who was compelled to remain with the squirrel; the rain continued without ceasing all the way to town. On our arrival at the White Horse Cellar, I went by the guard's advice to get a glass of cherry-brandy, during that time Mrs. M'Donnell drove off with her niece in one hackney coach, and the Doctor and his lady  
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in another. As my evil genius would have it, I was misinformed as to the direction Mrs. M'Donnel took, and pursued the carriage occupied by Doctor Doublechin; nor did I find out my mistake until I passed Oxford-road, when getting abreast of the coach-window I saw the fat old woman with her monkey on one shoulder, and the macaw perched on the other. Such was my rage and disappointment that I bestowed a volley of execrations upon her, and could scarce refrain from augmenting the number of her pets by tossing her a dead cat that laid by me on the pavement. I now found myself involved in a difficulty I had never thought of, for I had followed the coach through so many turnings and windings, that I could not regain the office where I left my box: however, I at last met an irish chairman who directed me to Piccadilly, and after making above fifty blunders, I arrived at the White-Horse-Cellar, and began to inquire among the porters if they knew where Mrs. M'Donnel lived: "Which of the Mrs. M'Donnel's?" said a little bandy-legged fellow

low with a grin, "I *knows* about fifty of them." "Why Sir," I replied, "she's aunt to Miss Isabella Mahon, the young lady who came up with me in the mail from Bath." "O I know her well, cried the porter smiling: "Then, Sir, if that's the case," said I, "be so obliging as to give me her direction." "What will you give me for the trouble of writing down her place of abode?" inquired the porter; "I think, Sir, you can't grudge a hard-working fellow a pot of porter." "No," said I, throwing down a shilling, "I shall willingly give you two, if you will just write her address for me in this pocket-book." "A bite!" said the fellow, pocketing the money, "I could not write it if you was to give me all the beer in Whitbred's brewhouse: I never worked at the pot-hook and hanger manufactory in my life." "O you can't write," said I, "but I find you can speak fast enough. Your mother longed for a jack-daw I suppose, and you was born chattering like king Dick; come, be so good as to tell me the lady's address, I'll write it down myself." "By all means," said the fellow,

fellow, "she lodges in Islington, at Mrs. Flat's, opposite the Goose and the Gudgeon." They now all burst out into a violent fit of laughter, and I found it was enjoyed at the expence of my simplicity, which enraged me so much that I gave the bandy-legged porter a blow in the face, which laid him sprawling. He however jumped up immediately, and gave me a rap under the ear that made me stagger up against the rails of an area. "A ring, a ring," was echo'd by a dozen mouths at once. A hackney-coach waterer offered his services as my second, advising me to strip and give the porter his belly-full for the honor of Ireland. I determined to take my countryman's advice, and instantly began a combat which continued more than an hour, to my utter disadvantage; for my adversary was a skilful veteran, who avoided all my blows, and put in his own with such judgment, that after a very few rounds both my eyes were closed, and I was exposed to the necessity of enduring as much pummelling as he was able to bestow.

A gen-

A gentleman who saw my condition now insisted I should decline the contest; my second also, assured me I could yield without any discredit, as I had stood up like a man: then turning to a shoe-black, he said, it was no wonder a green hand like me was beat by such an old practitioner as Jerry Daddler, who had been a prize-fighter for more than fourteen years.

I was so mawled that I was scarcely able to put on my clothes, and was led by my second to a public-house in Dover-street, where, after some difficulty, the landlord consented to let me have a bed, which accommodation I should have wanted if I had not made a display of my money. At the landlord's advice, I sent for a surgeon, who applied leeches under both my eyes, bled me at the arm, drenched me with salts, and ordered me to keep my bed for eight and forty hours. I more than obeyed him in this last particular, for I was obliged to lay upon my back a fortnight, as the scientific Mr. Jerry Daddler had done me the favor to break a couple of my ribs.

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By the time I was cured my money was exhausted, and I found myself reduced to the necessity of pawning the few clothes I had purchased at Cork, to settle my reckoning with the landlord, who made me pay like a gentleman, though he treated me like a blackguard. For the first time in my life my spirits were depressed; I became a whining melancholy fellow, but love was at the bottom of it all; the chagrin I felt at having failed to discover the abode of Isabella, and the dread I entertained of being considered beneath her notice, weighed heavy on my heart. I moreover felt distressed at not possessing the most distant prospect of obtaining employment: I had fondly imagined an Irishman was the peculiar care of fortune, and thought that he could not fail to find a patron the moment he set his foot on English ground.

Every person I consulted as to the mode of getting employment discouraged me by enquiring who I could find to give me a character, which they assured me would be absolutely necessary. My finances were so low

low that I only now got one meal a day, and that consisted of bread and cheese, but fortunately I was too far gone in love to have much appetite. After I had expended my last farthing, and was a week in arrears for my lodging, I was so desponding that I could not forbear unbosoming my griefs to one Fitzgerald, an Irish Dragoon, with whom I had formed a slight acquaintance: he without hesitation gave me eighteen pence, which was half what he possessed. His generosity so affected me, that I could scarce hold back my tears; I consented to take the money as a loan, and begged his advice as to my mode of proceeding: he said he would recommend my enlisting into the army, but I objected, as I apprehended I should thus be cut off from all hopes of meeting Isabella, an expectation which I still weakly indulged, nor could all the remonstrances of Fitzgerald induce me to forego the plan I had formed for discovering her residence, although he pointed out the difficulties I should have to encounter, as well as the imprudence of encouraging a passion which could never in all probability

probability be requited. But his counsels were unavailing. I obstinately refused to enlist, and declared my resolution to seek after some situation in London, however humble it might be; he then began to examine the various papers, and found an advertisement for a porter in a place where the work was but light; as there was nothing that appeared more suitable at that time, he recommended me to make enquiry after it: accordingly I posted away to Cheapside, and there heard the place in question was near the Minories. I found it was a large haberdashery warehouse, which was a circumstance so little to my taste, that I was about to return in disgust, but a recollection of my present forlorn situation decided me, and I entered the shop with the determination of offering my services to Messrs. Fribbler, Finikin, and Prettyman; but to my dismay the first object that met my observation was the buckish Billy Bobbin, who was in the very act of putting a tag on a lace: he appeared a little embarrassed at first, but to conceal it, enquired what I wanted, with

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an air of bustling civility. Being determined not to communicate the purport of my visit, I coolly demanded a pennyworth of shirt-buttons, and returned home, not a little chagrined at the mortification I had endured.

The warm-hearted soldier entered fully into my feelings on the occasion, but approved of my conduct in declining such unmanly occupations as those to which I should have been probably put, had I engaged with Finikin and company. Fitzgerald promised to introduce me that evening to one of his old townsmen named Teddy O'Brien, a chairman, whom he thought a likely man to help me in obtaining some employment. By good fortune he had been applied to that same morning by Captain Huffer, who wanted a handy young man acquainted with the duties of a Valet, and who would be satisfied with moderate wages. O'Brien went with me to the Captain's the following morning, who, after he had given me a short examination, consented to take me into his service, and accordingly I had the honor to assist him at his toilette that very day. As  
he



he was going to dine with a peer, to whom he was distantly related, he determined to dress to the best advantage, for his beauty was not of that kind which declined the "foreign aid of art." Never was antiquated flirt, or worn-out harridan so painted, patched and bolstered up, as this old battered coxcomb: never was sight so disgusting as his person when *unadorned*: I was quite planet-struck when I drew off his boots, and artificial calves. Full dressed he appeared a man of ordinary stature, but when in *puris naturalibus*, he looked exactly like a skeleton that had been covered all over with brown leather by a glover. A baker's dozen of such fellows, would not have made a middle sized welch curate, fifty of whom it takes to make one city alderman. His countenance was such as incontestibly confirmed the theory of Lord Monboddo, for he evidently was that intermediary link in the animal chain which connects the man to the baboon. I make no doubt but he was born with a tail, though his mother in all probability had it cut off, and the root destroyed

stroyed by caustic, a point it would be worth the while of Connoisseurs to ascertain: nay, I earnestly hope his rump will some day be examined by a committee of inspectors selected from the Royal Associates, assisted by the Surgeons' Company, and the Natural History Society of London.

Notwithstanding his ugliness and the insignificance of his appearance, I found the Captain possessed more than a baboon's portion of self-love. The wrinkles of his face were filled with putty twice a day, and I grew so expert at this operation that ere I lived with him a month, I should have made an admirable glazier; as for his eye-brows, I stuck them on with Indian glue, but he would not trust me to lay on his rouge, because he said I did it stingily; nobody could accuse him of being sparing of this article. He was fond of talking, and had a strange *chattering* kind of utterance, which I could not but consider as one of the characteristics belonging to the baboon tribe, as also his grimaces, which were nearly as numerous as his sentences, and proved, like them,

eternal provocatives to laughter: he detected me so frequently in the act of grinning, that he at last thought fit to give me a reprimand, so I assumed all the gravity of a Spaniard to convince him that I held his person in profound respect.

He affected the character of a duellist, and was never happy but when relating some of his desperate adventures. If his accounts might have been believed, he killed twelve out of every dozen: however, in one of his vamping humours he happened to insult a young Irish officer, who sent him a challenge which he had not the courage to accept, and preferred the certainty of a sound kicking to the risk of having a little day-light sent through his carcass. That he got rather roughly handled on this occasion, was sufficiently manifest, for it fell to my lot to rub him all over with arquebusade the next day, when I found there were thirteen times as many stripes on the Captain's back, as there are in the tail of an American ensign.

I had heard much of my mistress, who was represented as a beautiful young lady,  
graceful,

graceful, accomplished, and refined; yet I confess I entertained no favorable prepossession of a woman who could marry such an ourang-outang as the Captain. What was my astonishment when I first beheld this celebrated beauty, waddling down the kitchen-stairs: she was four feet two inches high without her shoes, a yard across the shoulders, had three chins; eyes like an ox, teeth like a horse, a mouth like a skate, and a nose like a bull-dog; which was flattened down at the point as if she had often amused herself by crushing spiders with it against the wall. This lady of elegance and refinement ate three pints of leek porridge for breakfast every morning, with as many rashers of fat bacon, half a dozen poached eggs, besides a suitable proportion of muffins, crumpets, toast, and bread and butter. She formed the most ludicrous contrast to the Captain: they might have been employed as hieroglyphics to denote plenty and famine. She had no occasion to get an Enfield's speaker to learn her how to talk, or a drill-serjeant to teach her the manual exercise; not a fish-fag

in Billingsgate knew better how to use her tongue and hands than this young lady of refinement, which I soon found to my cost, for she beat and abused me, as well as her husband.

Teddy O'Brien and my friend Fitzgerald called to know how I liked my place. "O don't you be asking me any thing about that," said I, "Mr. Teddy, for it's a sore place, I assure you." "What, they have been at their old tricks I suppose," said Teddy. "Faith and my boy I know the captain well, he can talk and look big to his inferiors, but he sings small enough when he has any thing to fear from his company: he is what you may call a man of the world, and can suit himself to every man's humour when it suits his own convenience. If you value yourself on your family, he can launch out in praise of generous blood and high descent. If your origin is mean, he will tell you that virtue constitutes nobility, and remind you of the glorious deeds performed by men of lowly birth. As to his wife, they may call her a  
*gen-*

*gentlewoman* if they please, but gentle and genteel, are two words of which she does not even know the meaning; give her a glass of brandy, she's happy, give her two, she's half mad; but let her swallow a third and you'll find the three furies in one. Odds snakes! she's always deadly desperate when she gets half drunk."

I told Teddy I should be much oblig'd if he would endeavour to get me a more respectable place, and he promised to make enquiry after one: the only advantages I derived from living with the Captain, was that of possessing much leisure, which I employed agreeably and profitably, for I found an immense book-case in his library, stored with the most excellent authors: these had belonged to his father, who bequeathed them to the Captain's youngest brother, a promising lad, designed for the bar, and who was then studying at Cambridge. Another event which contributed much to my satisfaction, arose out of the leisure I had to visit Fitzgerald, for whom I conceived the warmest friendship, and to whom I

rendered an important service. I heard him one evening tell O'Brien, that he had compleatly gained the good-will of his Colonel, who promised to promote him to the rank of serjeant, as soon as he could qualify himself to do the duties of that station; but he added, with an air of regret, he must despair of advancement, as he could not read or write. I advised him to learn without loss of time, but he said he was convinced that would be now impossible. Before we parted I intreated in the most earnest manner he would come to me for an hour every evening, when he was off duty, and pledged myself that I would devise an easy mode to teach him; he assured me it would be to no purpose, since he had imbibed a prejudice so inveterate against the sight of a Primer, that he never saw one without shuddering.

This sentiment of terror was implanted in him by the cruelty of a mother-in-law, who almost killed him when four years old, because he made a mistake the first time he tried to tell his letters. I told him I would

would neither use horn-book or Primer, nor whip him, pull his ears, or even chide him when he blundered. I at last with much difficulty extorted a promise that he would place himself under my tuition, and I had the satisfaction of qualifying him in less than eight months to hold the post of corporal, which was bestowed on him by the colonel with a promise of raising him the other step, when an occasion offered.

Nothing could exceed the gratitude of Fitzgerald, who declared I was the sole author of his prosperity, and that no other person could have induced him to acquire arts so profitable, and so indispensibly necessary to human happiness, as those in which I had instructed him. His regiment was shortly removed to country quarters, which caused us great regret; we however parted with a promise of cherishing our friendship under all the circumstance of change in which we might be placed, and I declared that however great my prosperity might be hereafter, I should consider he had a claim to half my possessions. I told him that



that corresponding with me would tend to his improvement, and on that account requested he would allow no opportunity of writing to escape him. I however received but two letters from him, as his regiment was ordered to embark for the East Indies shortly afterwards.

I felt as solitary as a hermit after losing Fitzgerald, for I had no other friend to whom I could confide the story of my love, or who would listen to the dismal ditties I composed, lamenting the destiny which tore me from the peerless Isabella, whose image haunted me by day and night. How visionary were my views, how extravagant my wishes! Sometimes I wished, like the princesses of romance, her favour could be secured by combatting my rivals at a tournament, for I felt assured that I should conquer all competitors if Isabella was the prize: sometimes I wished she was confined in the castle of a giant, that I might have the glory to deliver her from thralldom; but my most favorite delusion was that of figuring the possibility of being embarked with her

her in a vessel, which stranding near a desert island should expose her to the risk of drowning, then I exulted in the prospect of bearing her safely in my arms on shore, where my services would be indispensibly necessary to protect her from wild beasts, and furnish her the means of sustenance, —under such circumstances I entertained no doubt but she would make a suitable return to my attachment, and bestow her hand on me as a right, no rival could dispute. All my enquiries after Mrs. M'Donnel were fruitless, and I began to despair of ever seeing Isabella more, when an unexpected accident at length procured me that felicity.

I was returning late one night from Chelsea, where I had been dispatched with a letter by the Captain, when I observed a fellow place a ladder against the window of a lone house; it was dark, and by stealing gently under a wall, I could observe his motions. I saw him hide a bag behind a tree, after which he retired so quietly that he appeared to have list under

der his shoes. When he was got to a sufficient distance, I knocked at the door of the house, when a window being lifted up, an old lady enquired what was my business. I told her the discovery I had just made, and advised her to take all possible precautions, as the man's design was that of robbing the house, which was clear from the contents of the sack I took from behind the tree, which contained various pick-locks, saws, cords, a crow, and other implements for house-breaking. The old lady begged I would call the watchmen, but I represented the danger of my going until I had disposed of the ladder and sack, which I advised her to take into the house, as the thieves might come during my absence and effect their purpose if they found the means thus handy.

The old lady said she was afraid to open the door, lest I had invented a plausible story to rob the house myself: as I could not forbear to laugh, this strengthened her suspicion, so she shut down the window and began ringing a bell with such violence,

lence, that I presently heard two other females talking; after awhile the window opened again, and three persons looking out, I was desired to go about my business by the old lady, but I renewed my assurance that it would be dangerous to leave the sack and ladder, and begged she would draw them in at her own window. "Good God! I know that voice," exclaimed a second person, whom I instantly knew to be Isabella. "Yes, Madam," said I, "you are no more deceived than myself, I have now past doubt the honor to address Miss Mahon, I could not possibly mistake her voice, and let me repeat that the safety of the house is too much concerned to admit of more delay in adopting my advice."

I heard Bella tell the old lady I was undoubtedly the gentleman who came over with her from Cork to Bristol, and that she ought to follow my counsel. The maid was then ordered to dress herself and open the door, when I removed the ladder from the window at the back of the house, and dragged it into the hall, as also the sack;

sack ; after which I desired the old lady to conceal the lights, lest they might deter the thieves from approaching the house : this being done, and the door once more secured, I went in search of the watchman, whom I found asleep in his box at the bottom of the street. He was a feeble old man, and by no means alert in following me, having been roughly handled not long since by a party of housebreakers whom he strove to apprehend.

He wanted to spring his rattle for assistance, but I objected, as I thought the thieves would not then make their appearance : we took our station behind the tree, where the fellow had hid his sack, nor had we been long posted there, before I saw him returning, accompanied by two more rogues, who had terrific bludgeons in their hands. The old watchman trembled like a leaf as they drew near, but I conjured him not to discover himself till we could seize upon the ring-leader, who now exclaimed with an oath that the *flying-stair-case* had walked off : he came immediately to the tree, without

without doubt to examine if the sack was safe, when rushing out, I seized him by the collar: he struggled hard to get out of my gripe, but I pinn'd him to the wall: he however called to his companions, one of whom first knocked down the cowardly old watchman, and then they both attacked me with their bludgeons.

One of the ruffians struck me such a blow as felled me to the ground, when the fellow I had seized swearing he would do for me, gave me some dreadful gashes with a knife, and would have butchered me had not the watchman given the alarm with his rattle, but the fear of being apprehended caused them to decamp, and leave their bloody purpose unaccomplished. I was too much hurt to rise without help, and made no doubt but I had received some mortal wound.

Three watchmen and several old Chelsea pensioners now came up to my assistance, and Mrs. M'Donnel having opened her door, desired the watchmen to bring me into her parlour; there sat Isabella, as pale

pale as a corpse, the terror excited by the late scene which she had witnessed from a window, threw her into strong hysterics, which were renewed when she beheld me weltering in gore. The old lady requested one of the watchmen to run for a surgeon, and administered some wine to keep me from fainting. I requested I might be removed a little to the open air, which I did in order to rid poor Isabella of a spectacle so frightful as I now appeared, for I had full many a trenched wound upon my head, and looked more grim than the *blood-battered* ghost of Banquo.

Mrs. M'Donnel, however, hurried her niece and the maid out of the parlor, and having firmer nerves herself than the generality of women, began to staunch my wounds with great dexterity. The surgeon said there was little to apprehend from my hurts, if my habit of body was correct, which he believed to be the case from my appearance: and now my fair readers I cannot resist the temptation of saying something on the subject of my personal appearance.

pearance, which I presume may claim some title to be noticed, since every historian is bound in duty to describe the person of his hero. It is true, I am my own hero, and on that account perhaps it may be deemed offensive to decorum, if I launch out much in my own praises ; but on the other hand, as I have undertaken to furnish an authentic history, I am constrained in justice to suppress no circumstance which can redound to my own advantage ; nor should I be silent as to my imperfections, for even heroes have their failings.

Candor, then, compels me to avow, that I was too vain of my person, which was certainly extremely handsome. I would now insert a minute account both of my figure and my face, in conformity to the rules of many celebrated authors of romances, but to avoid being tedious I shall request every lady to believe me a perfect counterpart of the dear man she most admires and loves ; for it is my ambition to appear as amiable in the sight of the fair sex as possible.

My



My handsome face was wofully disfigured by the wounds and blows I had received, and rendered still more disgusting by the linen helmet which the son of Galen twisted round my head. He positively prohibited my going to town that night, and told one of the watchmen to bespeak me a bed at the nearest tavern; but Mrs. M'Donnel insisted I should not quit her house in that condition, and ordered the maid to put clean sheets on Miss Isabella's bed, who she observed should sleep with her.

Although I had before declared my resolution to go home in a coach, I suffered myself to be prevailed on to accept the offer of the lovely Isabella's bed; she was now recovered from her fright, and expressed her regret at my accident with such an air of tender sympathy, that I esteemed myself the happiest being in existence. The surgeon hurried me to bed, and kindly assisted to undress me, when he discovered a fresh wound in my side, which he declared would have proved mortal had not the knife struck against a rib. I had supposed

posed it was only a blow, and therefore had not mentioned it. He took his leave with the promise of making an early visit in the morning.

I was too much enraptured to sleep a wink all night, the idea that I embraced the pillow on which the lovely Isabella's face had so recently reposed, was such a feast for bliss to ruminate upon, that I became insensible alike to pain and weariness.

When the surgeon called next morning, he found me so feverish that he declared I could not be moved without danger; I said I should be able to ride home in a coach without the smallest inconvenience, for I could perceive by Mrs. McDonnell's looks that she began to repent having carried the good Samaritan so far as to house a patient who might keep possession of the premises until turned out by death and the undertaker. The surgeon enjoined me to keep quiet if I valued my life, but as I began to suspect him of a selfish motive, I resolved to disappoint him, for I anticipated ruin in the shape of a bill two fathoms long.

long. He little suspected, any more than my good hostess, that I was only a humble knight of the clothes-brush, for they all kept *sirring* me up, as tradesmen do a new-made Baronet.

When the servant brought me breakfast, she delivered a kind message from Isabella, which afforded me an opportunity of launching out into a panegyric of her beauty and good qualities; the girl reheard every thing I said in Isabella's praise, with so much warmth, that I felt satisfied of her sincerity. In the course of conversation I hinted my astonishment at her remaining single, when I had the happiness to learn she had rejected numerous proposals of marriage. I dared not be too inquisitive, or I would have gone farther, and boldly demanded if the wench had room to think her heart disposed of: I could not however forbear declaring, that if I had worlds at my disposal, I would lay them at her feet, and think I paid a price too mean for such a peerless treasure. The girl replied, whoever won her favor, would

would be an enviable man, in which opinion I again most heartily concurred.

Much as I wished to continue under the same roof with Isabella, I felt the impolicy of indulging such a wish; so taking advantage of a moment when there was nobody in the house but the maid, I got up and leaving a note of thanks addressed to Mrs. M'Donnel, and another to the surgeon, saying, pressing business called me to town, I crawled away to the first coach-stand, hired one, and drove home. The Captain felt so little commiseration for me that he would have sent me to St. George's Hospital immediately, had not his wife thought fit to countermand his order, which was more from contradiction than humanity. My hurts were of such a nature that I was unfortunately obliged to procure assistance, but I contented myself with sending for a farrier, who was satisfied with five shillings for trouble and attendance; as for taking medicines, I considered it a duty I owed my constitution not to swallow any.

As soon as I was sufficiently recovered, I  
went

went to Chelsea and settled my account with the killer of men, which, to my sorrow, amounted to eight times the sum I had given the *curer* of horses. I paid Mrs. M'Donnel a visit, and offered her many acknowledgments for her humanity, which she accepted with complacency, nor was she backward in confessing I had rendered her a most important service. "Our property at least, if not our lives," said Isabella, "was preserved by your providential interposition, Sir, but we must feelingly lament how much you suffered on the occasion:" she accompanied this speech by a look well ~~calculated~~ calculated to convince me that I had been thought an object worthy of commiseration. Mrs. M'Donnel detained me to tea, and even condescended to converse with me, when I was so fortunate as to discover her favorite topic, the priority of claim possessed by the Irish to civilization. This she thought deducible from the excellency of their ancient poetry and music, which were such as only could belong to persons who had made great progress in refinement, and that too at a time when the  
surround-

surrounding nations were in a state of barbaric ignorance. I displayed my knowledge of Irish history to the best advantage, coincided with her sentiments, and spoke of music in such terms as soon convinced her I was an enthusiast upon that subject: This encouraged her to open the Piano Forte and give me a proof of her own talents, which were very considerable, though of an inferior order to those possessed by Isabella, who played and sang in a style that equally astonished and delighted me. When I took leave, Mrs. McDonnell gave me a general invitation with such an appearance of cordiality, that I made no scruple to pay her frequent visits. She however avoided leaving me alone with Isabella as much as possible, so that I long vainly sought an opportunity of making a direct avowel of my passion; altho' I embraced every possible occasion of tacitly announcing my regard, which did not fail to arrest her attention, and finally, to conciliate her esteem. Encouraged by her affability, I at length, in the absence of her aunt, disclosed my attachment, which met with a far  
more

more favorable hearing than I had dared to expect, but I shortly found I had nothing to hope from the countenance of Mrs. M'Donnel, as she favored the suit of a rich old attorney, who had lately made proposals to Isabella. The reception she then gave me was so pointedly cool, that I could not construe it otherwise than that my further acquaintance would be disagreeable. Having won the servant over to my interest, I commenced a correspondence through her means, and soon had the happiness to discover that Isabella entertained a mutual affection, and was determined to reject the lawyer's addresses. I was not however long suffered to enjoy this felicity without alloy, for Mrs. M'Donnel having intercepted one of my letters, dismissed the servant, and took such measures as prevented our further correspondence. To add to my chagrin, my master the Captain was confined to his bed by a fit of sickness, which caused me to remain a prisoner in the house above a month; and when I next visited Chelsea, I found that Mrs. M'Donnel had removed, though no  
one

one could inform me whither. This was a death-blow to my happiness, for as my correspondence with Isabella had been carried on through the servant, I had never furnished her with my address, so that I despaired of hearing from her. I had also unfortunately neglected to find out the residence of her new lover the attorney, so that I possessed no clue whatever to trace her out. I had nothing to console me under this misfortune but a hope that I possessed some share of Isabella's regard, and that she would not bestow her hand on any other.

I had been more than two years in the service of Captain Huffer, whose caprices I endured with the patience of a stoic, as well as the outrageous humours of his vixen wife, who never kicked and cuffed me less than twice a week. The Captain had however confined himself to hard words, until one afternoon, when because I had forgotten to bring in a pot of rouge, he called me an irish rascal, and struck me in the face. In return I gave him a kick on the breech, which lifted him half a yard from the ground,

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and



and told him if I was an irish rascal, he was an english scoundrel. Of course he gave me an immediate dismissal from his service, and I had once more to seek for a master.

I found it necessary to equip myself anew, and was carried by an acquaintance to a cloathsman in Monmouth-street, of whom, as I had no superfluous cash, I bought some articles of cast-off finery, and like many other bucks of the same stamp, was satisfied to play the gentleman at second-hand. I entertained no doubt but my appearance would soon recommend me to a situation, and might have been hired at three different places the next day, if it had not been for Captain Huffer's malice: but he gave me such a wretched character, that nobody would venture to engage me. This was an evil I had not anticipated, for I thought he would have been too much ashamed to disclose what had passed between us. I wrote a letter to his wife appealing to her justice; I begged she would prevail on the Captain to give a fair statement of the transaction, piquing myself on the clemency I had shewn him

him in not commencing an action against him for assault; but I obtained no redress. for the following day I learned he had most cruelly traduced me to a proctor, who would have hired me had I not been accused of drunkenness, dishonesty, and falshood.

This account so fired my indignation that I vowed to be revenged on the poltroon, whatever was the consequence. I therefore bought a horse-whip, and paraded before his door with the determination of publicly chastising him as soon as I could find an opportunity. I waited not less than four hours in the street for that purpose, but he made his escape in the carriage of his noble relation, which came to carry him out to dinner. I consoled myself however with the hope of accomplishing my purpose the next day, but by a lucky turn of fortune I had not quite so long to wait. The evening being fine, I went to walk in the Green Park, where I found a vast concourse of persons parading round the bason. After I had taken several circuits, I sat down on one of the benches to rest myself, and long conti-

qued listening to the conversation of a factious old gentleman, who was entertaining his friend with observations on the characters of several persons in high life. I was laughing heartily at one of the old gentleman's sarcastic remarks, when Captain Huffer came strutting along between two elegant young ladies. Not wishing to occasion them any alarm, I had determined to postpone the horse-whipping to a more convenient occasion, but the Captain soon made me change my resolution, for in passing, he exclaimed, "Only observe the insolence of that scoundrel, he is a Valet whom I lately turned away for his villainy, and he has now the effrontery to seat himself beside a Peer of the realm. My lord Mildmay, I am distressed to see you in such unworthy society, pray take care of your pockets." The young gentleman, who thought the Captain's insinuation levelled at him, because to all appearance his swivel eye was fully fixed upon his countenance, leaped from the seat, and insisted on an explanation. The confusion this produced, compelled the young ladies

to

to quit the Captain and join some others of their party, who were a little before. The Captain told the young gentleman the observation he made was intended to chastise me for presuming to seat myself beside an Earl. "You shall not find me ungrateful, Captain, for this and other favors," said I, "and your chastisement shall be instantly returned with suitable interest;" so saying, I took him by the collar and gave him such a whipping that his screams brought back the party who began to interfere, and ordered a servant to bring a constable. An immense crowd collecting about us, some persons were inclined to handle me very roughly, and I make no doubt but I should have been in a serious dilemma if I had not intreated the protection of some officers, whom I fortunately overheard speaking Irish. I promised to submit to their judgment if they would suffer me to relate how I had been treated by the Captain; they declared I should not suffer any injury if I could justify my conduct. I therefore stated the provocations I had received, and called the

good old Earl to witness the attack I had sustained, which he did in the most candid manner, observing that no honest man should patiently submit to the aspersion of his character, and that he thought I had acted with becoming spirit. Captain Huffer valiantly drew his sword, and swore he would run me through if I attempted to move until he had given me in charge to a constable. Several persons sarcastically told the Captain, if he had drawn his sword a little sooner, he would have better shown his courage, and might probably have escaped the disgrace of being so soundly horse-whipped: this caused a laugh, and his friends were so ashamed of the figure he made, that they intreated him to come away, but he declared he would not stir until I was secured, and once more grasped me by the coat. I coolly admonished him to let go his hold, but when I found he would not take my advice, I lifted him in my arms, and to the no small entertainment of the spectators, soused him head over ears in the water. While his friends were busied in getting him out, and diving for

for his sword, I slipped through the crowd and made my escape, by the advice of one of the Irish officers, who said it was probable I should be sent to a watch-house and suffer much inconvenience, as my adversary would not want for witnesses to prove the assault.

I made the best of my way to my friend O'Brien the chairman to relate what had happened, and to ask his advice; he shook his head, and said he was afraid I should find myself in a very awkward scrape if I was prosecuted, for which reason he thought I should quit London that very night. There was a townsman of his, a seaman belonging to an East Indiaman, who was going to join his ship at Gravesend, and he recommended me to change my dress for a jacket and trousers, and go down with him in the Gravesend boat. I approved of his plan, and leaving my clothes to O'Brien's care, when I was properly equipped as a sailor went with my new acquaintance to Billingsgate, from whence next morning at high water, we sailed for Gravesend, in the king George tilt boat. I had frequently

heard that much amusement was to be met with on board these vessels, which are for the most part loaded with a motley multitude of curious characters, particularly during the hop season. It would fill a small volume merely to relate the various whimsical scenes and droll adventures which occurred in that boat during a passage of about five hours: a Jew pedlar, a pye-man, an overgrown butcher, an Essex farmer, a huge red-whisker'd Scotch recruiting serjeant, and a cockney pleasure party, were alternately butts for the amusement of the company, not to forget a wapping landlady of the fullest dimensions, who with a cheesy-faced, lanthorn-jawed, herring-gutted fellow of a crimp, was going down on board the different vessels to collect out-standing debts. The regions below were so hellishly crowded that I was soon glad to go on deck, where I found a whole cargo of Hedge-lane Houris, who had attached themselves to a gang of faithful Mahommedan Lascars, belonging to the same ship as my companion: they were sitting in a circle bitterly lamenting their  
stupidity

stupidity in coming without a cup, a wine-glass, or a tumbler to drink out of; but to supply this deficiency, a great splaw-footed fish-fag whipped off one of her shoes, into which she poured a quantity of spirits, and drank it, giving for a toast "success to the *Latonée*," which was duly pledged all round, though not without some remarks on the rum flavor the liquor acquired from the leathern rummer. An unfortunate Priestess of Bacchus had well nigh perished in that element, which of all others she held in the greatest contempt, for while striving to seize a gin-bottle, she rolled to leeward, and would have gone clean overboard had not one of her feet got jammed in a coil of rope: her head hanging over the boat's lee gunwale, was dragged through the water for the space of near a minute, and without obtaining help she would have certainly been drowned; but the master of the vessel when he found her companions were all too intent on *helping* themselves, to think of lending any help to others, coolly ordered a sailor who stood by the fore



sheet, to go and *rouse* in that there woman, as her head dragging through the water, *stopp'd the boat's way a good two knots*. So, as the captain of the vessel was in a hurry to get to Gravesend, the woman escaped being drowned.

My companion, whose name was Donovan, used many endeavours to persuade me that I could not do a better thing than enter on board the ship in which he was going to India; but my attachment to Isabella forbade my yielding to his solicitations, for I could not endure the idea of wilfully increasing the distance by which we were already separated. A little before we got to our anchorage, Denovan took leave of me, and calling a wherry alongside, repaired on board his ship, accompanied by the Lascars and their celestial Houri. On landing at Gravesend, I repaired to the Three Daws, a public house near the beach, and calling for some porter, took my station in the kitchen, where I found the cockney pleasure-party, who were in high glee, and began over a mug of ale to express their  
delight

delight at the pleasures of a sea-voyage, and to recapitulate all the droll adventures with which they should be able to amuse their friends when they returned to *Lonnon*.. One of them, a bandy-legged barber, whom they called Mr. Clark, was by no means destitute of humour, and had by his wag-gery contributed largely to our diversion in the passage.. His friend Mr. Dawkins, a journeyman stay-maker, had a bundle in his lap which he carefully unpinned, and I found it contained a large raw leg of mutton; accosting the landlady, (who was busily engaged in preparing her own family dinner) he begged to know if she would "be so kind as to cook that there leg of mutton for them, for if so be as how she would, they intended staying there to dine." "I cook your mutton for you? ye stupid ignorant cockney son of a b——," said the landlady, "not I, what did your mammy tell you there were no butchers' shops to be found in Gravesend? do you think there are no good legs of wether mutton to be bought in Kent, you pitiful ninny?"

Mr. Dawkins looked as pale and as blue as pipe-clay. "Why no harm I hopes, Missis," said he, "I only *axed* you civilly, that's all." "Be off! be off!" said the woman with great scorn. "I suppose, Ma'am," said the barber, "we may make so bold as just to stay and pay you for the beer." "Aye, aye, pay for your beer by all means," retorted the landlady, "if your wives and mothers have trusted you with money enough, if not, your mutton must go to pot, that's all." Clark demanded change for a guinea, just as the landlady had taken up a fork to dive for a pease-pudding, and she was obliged to go to the bar to find silver. Clark, who held the mutton in his hand, putting his finger to his mouth, winked significantly, as much as to say, "Mum, and I'll shew you some fun," he took the lid off the landlady's boiler, and most adroitly whipped out a fine leg of pork which was boiled to admiration; he wrapped it up immediately, in Mr. Dawkins's cloth, and slipping the leg of mutton into the pot, put on the lid before the

the

the woman returned ; as soon as they got their change, the cocknies marched clear off with their spoil, and the landlady giving them a volley of abuse at parting, returned muttering, " Cook mutton for 'em, eh ? the stinking, paltry vermin, cook mutton for 'em, eh ? whip me but that's a pretty joke." She then threw herself into a grand bustle, peeled the potatoes, melted the butter, and ordered one of her children to go down to the beach and tell her father dinner was waiting for him. The landlord soon obeyed the summons, and coming into the kitchen began to rate his wife for her want of punctuality, saying the pork would be done to rags. " It's no such a thing, I tell you, man," said the landlady, " it's done to a nicety," so saying, she plunged her fork into the pot, and brought out the raw leg of mutton, when such was her wonder and dismay, that she let it fall into the ashes : the landlord flying into a violent fit of passion, demanded if she was out of her senses, and asked what she meant by putting mutton into the pot.

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at that time of the day, when she knew he had ordered the pork to be ready by one o'clock; then calling the pot-wench, he ordered her to fetch the pork from the corner tub, and put it on to boil immediately. The girl soon came back, and said there was no pork there. "There, no, to be sure!" cried the landlady, "how should it be there when I put it into that pot with my own hands." "Why, it's there still then, I suppose," cried mine host, "let's have another dive for it;" and so saying, he began to stir about in the boiler, but without discovering the object of his search. So stupified with astonishment was the woman, that she never once suspected the manner in which this change was effected, and when her husband peremptorily desired her to leave off fooling and say what she had done with the pork, she swore none but the devil knew what was become of it, for she was sure what she had seen could only be performed by witchcraft.

I greatly enjoyed this scene, and shortly afterwards meeting Mr. Clark and his companions,

panions, entertained them with an account of it; but unfortunately for me, as we were laughing heartily at the landlady's expence, a press-gang came suddenly upon us, and seeing me dressed like a sailor, they seized me without ceremony, and after confining me all night at the rendezvous, hurried me next day on board a tender, which transported me with sixty others to the receiving ship at the Nore. It was in vain for me to plead my being a landsman, all my solicitations to the captain could not procure my release, and after remaining some weeks on board the flag-ship, I was sent with a draught of men to complete the crew of a sloop of war shortly afterwards appointed to carry convoy to the West Indies. During our passage, which was very tedious, I suffered so much from the hardships of a sea-life, that I wished myself dead a thousand times, and never saw a porpoise sporting about at his ease without wishing to change places with him; for never was there a wretch so compleatly out of his element as I found myself on ship-

ship-board ; however, by degrees, the situation became less irksome; and after I had been a few months at sea, I bore my new employment with such good grace, that I got one remove, and was for my activity promoted from the waist to the afterguard, which did not fail to draw down on me the envy of many who thought themselves far more deserving such advancement: however, I did not remain long an object of their envy, for at the approach of the hurricane months I was seized with the yellow fever, and carried on shore to the hospital at Port Royal, Jamaica: where I narrowly escaped death; and continued so long sick, that on my recovery, I was discharged from my own vessel, and once more sent as a disposable man on board the flagship. After remaining there some time, I was drafted into her tender, a small vessel fitted up to cruise against the enemy's privateers.

A circumstance too remarkable to be passed over, occurred during the time I sailed in her. We were cruising off St.

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Domingo, and being close in shore found a dead bullock, round which were collected a great quantity of fish: the officer who commanded the vessel was a keen fisherman, and to procure some sport made fast a hawser to the bullock's horns, and towed him out to sea. In the course of the morning, among other fish, he caught a shark of large dimensions. These ravenous creatures are much detested by sailors, who call them *Jews afloat*, and when they are once fairly hoisted into a ship, it must be confessed they suffer a cruel martyrdom, every person on board being anxious to plunge a knife in their devoted vitals. Owing to their well-known voracity, it is customary to examine their stomachs with scrupulous care, as sailors often retrieve thence those portions of beef and pork, which being hung over board to steep, are carried off by this most formidable of aquatic plunderers.

There was one man who from his dexterity was always preferred to the office of inspector, who being called to cut up the present shark, began to chuckle and grin in



in such a manner when he had laid open the maw, that the officer inquired into the cause of his mirth. "Of all the fish in the sea, this is the queerest I ever cut up," said the fellow, "he is a postman; Sir, and has got a mail in his stomach. I hope he comes from Portsmouth, for then I may have a letter from Poll Grigson;" so saying, he threw down on the deck a large bundle of papers; these the officer ordered to be washed and dried, and as they were found to be written in French, a man who understood that language was employed to translate them.

The next morning a vessel, whose commander was intimate with Mr. F. our officer, passed within hail, and at Mr. F.'s request came on board to breakfast. On his arrival he signified that he had just sent a vessel into Jamaica, which he had detained under suspicion of her having enemies' property on board, although she sailed under American colours. As captors are compelled to pay a ruinous demurrage if they are found to detain a vessel without  
just

just grounds, he expressed great uneasiness as to the issue of the present case, and asked Mr. F. what was his opinion; he replied immediately, that she would prove a good prize. When his reasons for thinking so were demanded, he said the case did not admit of any doubt, as he knew all particulars of the vessel, and actually had at that moment her papers in his possession. "How did they fall into your hands?" was the next question. "I found them in the stomach of a shark, which I caught yesterday," was the reply.

The officer being somewhat irritable, and thinking Mr. F. had fabricated this story to quiz him, took his departure in a pet. When we arrived at Jamaica, the trial of the vessel came on, and the fact of her having French papers on board was clearly proved by the production of her real papers, which were found in the maw of the shark. The fact is, they had been thrown overboard, during the time the vessel was chased, when the captain found he had no chance of escaping, and the shark, who  
was

was prowling about for prey, thought no doubt that he had made a good prize : however, though he got a blank himself, he proved the means of making a few hundred pounds prize-money for others.

The most whimsical circumstance that arose out of the adventure was, however, the following. Mr. F. on his arrival at Kingston, went to dine in a party where he met the American supercargo, who like many others of his countrymen, bore an inveterate enmity to the English, and had the rudeness to indulge invectives against them upon all occasions. He said the conduct of the British cruizers was most scandalous, as they often seized on vessels belonging to neutral ports, in the most piratical manner, which was precisely their conduct in the case of the ship he sailed in, as they had captured her, notwithstanding she was laden with American property, and her papers were all clear and honorable. "O, very clear and honorable, I assure you, Sir," said Mr. F. who sat opposite to him. "I know it well, I have read

read them with great attention; I had them faithfully translated into *English*, and shall have the satisfaction to produce them in a court of justice for your justification to-morrow." The confusion and astonishment of the American was indescribable, as his rascality was now fully exposed, for he had with others of the vessel made an oath as to the authenticity of false papers. The singularity of this case excited great attention, and Mr. F. causing the jaw of the shark to be preserved, presented it to the admiralty-court, Jamaica, where it is now kept, and called, by his recommendation, *A Collar* for neutrals to swear through. Events like these occur so rarely, that when related they scarcely obtain credit, but this furnishing the ground of legal testimony, was proved beyond the possibility of doubt. There is a case recorded in Brand's history of Newcastle, equally curious with that of the shark. A gentleman being on the bridge at Newcastle, and wishing to know the time of day, pulled out his watch, which accidentally dropt out of his hand into

into the river. A few days afterwards he went to the fish-market at Newcastle, and ordered a large salmon for dinner, which on being opened, to his great surprize, the very identical watch which he had lost was found in its belly.

My naval career now soon terminated, for being once more attacked with the yellow-fever, I was reduced to such a state of debility, that I was invalided under a supposition that nothing but a voyage to Europe could save my life: fortunately for me, I continued so ill after my return to England that I got wholly discharged from the service. Having received a considerable sum in wages and prize-money, I was enabled to assume the appearance of a gentleman, and went for the benefit of my health to Cheltenham, and ere long recovered my pristine vigour. While at this place, I had an opportunity of making my fortune by a most advantageous marriage with a woman of family, but my fidelity to Isabella made me spurn at the idea of a connection so mercenary, notwithstanding

ing the extravagant life in which I lived had once more reduced me to a distressing state of poverty, and left me barely cash enough to pay my debts. I resolved on quitting Cheltenham, and set out on foot for Herefordshire, in search of an old school-fellow, who had been settled some years in that county. Notwithstanding the fineness of the weather, the harmony of the birds, and the cheering aspect presented by the face of nature, I was extremely melancholy, and could not but lament the precarious kind of life to which I was doomed. When I arrived near my journey's end, I went into a neat little public-house by the road-side, and called for a pint of cyder. The hostess shewed me into a room, where there was a jovial company seated at a long table. I was charmed with their appearance, for good humour shone forth on their dial-plates; one in particular attracted my attention, a tall stout man about forty years old, of manners most courteous, and with a countenance truly benignant; with him I got  
into

into conversation, and soon discovered by my accent whence I came.

"So, my good fellow, you are a native of Ireland," said he. "I am, Sir, sure enough, and not a bit ashamed of my country." "Why should you? 'tis a country that has been famed for producing gallant men, and lovely women." "Oh, and I assure you they still carry on that trade as brisk as ever." "And are they as jovial as they used to be, Pat? do they still drink whiskey in the isle of Saints?" *Ore rotundo*, my boy, as the Athenians spoke Greek." "I see you are a bit of a scholar, your country was formerly famed for learning." "Yes, when the old Irish harp was in tune." "Well, I hope it will soon get strung anew, and move us all with '*Concord of sweet sound*.'—How do you like this cyder? see how it sparkles in the glass." "It shines like fluid brilliants,—

- Why in quest of foreign vintage mix'd
- Traverse th' extremest world? why tempt the rage
- Of the rough ocean? when our native glebe
- Imparts from bounteous womb annual recruits
- Of wine delectable, that far surmounts
- Gallic, or Latian grapes.'

When providence blest us with the apple and the acorn, she gave us goodly gifts with which we ought to be content. "Yet Boney threatens to uproot our oaks, and scatter desolation through the land." "When our arms shine in the field, his vaporing threats will flit away like mist at the approach of the sun. Britons drink your own native beverage, and confide in your own native courage, then you may defy the rancour of this fiend-like enemy. England, 'tis true, is but a speck of earth; but by way of recompence the sea is all our own—

*Britonum portæ sunt portus, mœnia classes  
Castra æquor, valli corpora, corda duces.*

Britons be thankful to the fates,  
Your sea-ports are your guardian gates,  
Your forts are built of native oak,  
Your guns as true as ever spoke,  
Your camp extends where ocean rolls,  
Your ramparts, bodies, hearts, and souls."

One of the company observing that, put him in mind of a good volunteer song he had lately heard: he was requested to sing it, which he did without ceremony.



Now the Corsican tyrant seems bent on invasion,  
 And threatens his myrmidons hither to send,  
 He has given to Britons a glorious occasion,  
 Their Country, and all they hold dear, to defend.

## CHORUS.

So against his flat-bottoms, however extended,  
 And however by night, wind, or tide, they're befriended,  
 Shall Britain, by Britons alone be defended,  
 And their fame shall anew thro' the nations extend.

On our shores, British lads, are the fortifications,  
 Which proudly defy Monsieurs, Mynheers, and Dons;  
 And Britannia now boasts the best rampart of nations,  
 The rampart I mean is the hearts of her sons.

## CHORUS.

Then let Bonaparte's slaves come and try to break thro' it,  
 And tho' led on by him they shall bitterly rue it,  
 For we British lads are the lads that can do it,  
 If the ruffians approach within reach of our guns.

Shall this Tyrant, this Upstart, this Corsican stranger,  
 | Re-act his black crimes on Britannia's blest shore?  
 Shall his restless ambition and malice endanger  
 The Freedom, the Country, the King we adore?

## CHORUS.

No, never!—for tho' they escape the dire potion,  
 Our brave jolly Tars have in store on the ocean,  
 Half a million of brave Volunteers are in motion,  
 On their Country's Invaders their vengeance to pour.

Should they dare leave their ports, and attempt to come  
nigh land,

They'll find us prepared, or by night or by day ;  
And no fear but the tight little lads of the Island  
Will soon make them wish they'd keep out of their way:

CHORUS.

Why then dally Monsieurs, 'now we're longing to meet  
ye,

That from fam'd Albion's cliffs we may merrily greet ye,  
With such true English play as shall quickly defeat ye,  
While her shores all re-echo our conq'ring huzza !

All indignant against the world's common disturber,  
What a phalanx of Britain's defenders appear,  
For Britain's brave sons are the lads that must curb them,  
And humble the pride of these haughty Monsieurs.

CHORUS.

Then let them, as soon as they please, take their trip, sir,  
Their towering ambition we'll presently clip, sir ;  
So let each loyal lad raise his glass to his lip, sir,  
And drink health and success to our brave Volunteers.

" Well, Mr. Owen," said one to the  
landlord, " what do you think of that song?"

" Think!" said he, " why I think it a  
good one, and pat to the purpose; as to  
Bony's threats, he must be an *empty butt*  
indeed that regards what such a *frothy* fellow

says, he has been *brewing malice*, and *bottling up* revenge against this country for a long time, but if he should venture to set a foot on our shore, he'd soon find Volunteers enough to *tap* his claret. The fellow waits to be *fin'd* down a little: as to his brags, they are neither *malt* nor *hops*, nor would I give a *chalk* for all he says, or any chap like him, as thin as a *slice of cheese*. If he should venture to come, he'll find that John Bull's way of *settling the reckoning* would be to make him pay the piper."

"Enough of Bonaparte," said a chubby maltster, "the plunder-master general, he'll never venture to sully our shores; but that should not abate our vigilance. Let us talk of love of women and wine—I mean our native wine—good beer."

"Give me cyder," said a farmer, with cheeks the colour of red-streaks, what is the juice of the malt to the juice of the apple? Beer is the mother of small-beer, begot on a muddy puddle by a Dutch bog, that turns your brains into grains, and Pegasus into a dray-horse; and as to you Mr. Hartly, I  
thought

thought you got enough of women. How often have I heard you cry out against the painted sepulchres of London, the Cyprians of Covent-garden, the loose-robed nymphs of the Strand, the pomonas of Covent-garden, the nuns of King's-place, and even the cinderillas of Gray's-inn-lane? How often have I heard you exclaim in the bitterness of your heart against the harlot's pliant arts, and luring baits, and the lucre-loving leer of the young nymph, sweetly simple, with artless airs, and sighs that seemed to flow from an untutored heart "

" Such have been my bane ; but after all, woman is the loveliest part of the creation, formed of the finest clay, and cast in beauty's mould : what does the honest Hibernian think of them ?"

" I think that woman, like *Æsop's* dishes of tongues, may be said to be both the best and the worst thing in the world. The beauty of a woman cannot be defin'd—the black, the fair, the brown, the fat, the thin, the tall, the low—all equally enchant by turns."

" True, beauty and wit are not to be defin'd even by negatives. I once read some lines—stay, till I try if I can recollect them—yes, I believe I can.

Th' ambitious fair, who strives for beauty's prize,  
And hopes to Helen's glorious eminence to rise,  
These thirty charms must have to bless a lover's eyes,  
Three white, three black, and three of rosy hue,  
Three long, three short, three slender to the view,  
Three large, three small, three straight, as many wide,  
All these together form, the accomplish'd bride.

As Martial says,

( Well, after all that's said about 'em,  
There is no living with them, nor without 'em.

A farmer ask'd me " if the roads in Ireland were good?" " Yes," said I, " so fine that I wonder you do not import some of them into England—stay, let me see—there's the road to love, strewed with roses—to matrimony, through nettles—to honour, through the camp—to prison, through the law—and to the undertaker's, thro' physic."

" Have you any road to preferment?" said Hartly.

" Yes,

"Yes, but that is chiefly trodden by hypocrites and knaves, by pimps and panders."

"I fear," said Heartly, "that is the case in most countries."

He very politely invited me to go home and sup with him, and insisted on my taking a bed at his house. In the course of conversation, he made some inquiry into my circumstances, when I told him my history without reserve. He shook his head. "You have received an education above the line you hitherto moved in, but you must be content, human life is a lottery, and you must not repine if your ticket shall come up a blank. I have drank deep of the cup of misfortune myself; nay, I have drain'd it to the very dregs, but I must keep up my spirits; when the heart sinks, all is gone. I once lived in splendour, but when my evil genius paid me a visit, those whom I at one time looked on as my friends, turned out to be scarce acquaintances; they vanished one after the other, like sparks that die away on burnt paper. All this did not

sour my temper, or estrange my heart from the love of my fellow-creatures."

I took leave of him next morning, when he gave me a recommendation to one Doctor Codex, who had requested him to procure him a servant: he described him as a worthy, though singular character, and said that he made little doubt but he would take me into his service. I was thankful to him more in looks than words, and saw by his own countenance that the acknowledgments expressed in mine were fully understood. The village where Dr. Codex lived, was not many miles distant, and thither I fled as nimbly as if the feathers of Mercury were at my heels. I did nothing but whistle, and wet my whistle at every ale-house on the road; at the last where I stopp'd I saw an old acquaintance, who was usher at a school, he was going my way, and promis'd to direct me to the Doctor's. We had not proceeded far before I saw a great crowd of people flocking to a church-yard, and enquiring the reason, I learned from my companion that much diversion was

was expected from the election of a Sexton, which was about to take place.

The town was at that time under a hot canvass by two candidates for a vacant borough: one was a staunch ministerial man, the son of a pension'd peer, and his competitor was one of the Fox party, a popular character, much esteem'd in that neighbourhood. The supporters of these candidates had made several bombastic speeches in the town-hall:—the rector, who was equally averse to both parties, determin'd to place the political contentions which agitated the minds of his parishioners in a ludicrous point of view, for which reason he set on foot a poll for the office of Sexton then vacant; and wrote a speech which he made a grave-digger to get by heart on the occasion. As the orator commenced just as we enter'd the church-yard, we went to hear his speech, which was as follows:

“ Ladies and Gentlemen,

“ I need not tell you who I am: I trust the visage of old Hezekiah Spuddings is as well known in this town, as the giant's head at



the pump in the market-place, or the weather-cock on the church-steeple. My great great uncle, my paternal grandfather, as well as my late father, all successively enjoy'd the honour to be chosen Sextons of this parish. Yes, gentlemen, for three whole generations back, my ancestors have had the happiness to bury your progenitors. As it hath been the hereditary privilege of *my* family to officiate for *yours* in a sepulchral capacity, I hope I may without presumption aspire to succeed that father who sustain'd the post with such distinguish'd credit; that father, who for sixty years was thought an ornament to his profession; that father, from whose very grave I now harangue you: I am the first-born son of that lamented father, his lawful heir, and I presume to hope you will appoint me his successor. Remember, gentlemen, I am not toiling now to get my name implanted in the red book, there to flourish as a pensionary evergreen. I am not now soliciting a vile reversionary sinecure, for Heaven knows our apothecaries practise too successfully to let your Sexton eat the bread of idleness.

“As to my qualifications, I presume I need not fear to have them canvass'd. I am, I trust, no novice in my trade—no smatterer in the sepulchral art—no journeyman deliver, but one by  
genius

genius and education qualified to act as master spadesman, for I have thoroughly been grounded in the mysteries of my profession : but have ye not had ample proof of my grave-digging talents, why should I dwell on them? have not your eyes beheld the goodly sepulchres which I have dug for the accommodation of your worthy relatives, who, if they could start up from their tombs, would one and all hold up their hands to vote for me? If you return me as your Sexton, I will attend most strictly to the duties of my station ; no rotten bones and mouldy ends of coffins shall be strown in grim disorder o'er the paths vexing the faculties of sight and smell—no ghastly skulls rolling beneath the feet of passengers shall trip them up, by night, and fill their hearts with ghostly consternation—not a weed, not a nettle shall take root in your funeral parterres—no slimy snails shall crawl about that cypress—no sacrilegious caterpillars shall feed upon the consecrated foliage of yon vegetable peacocks. Ye venerable yews, transformed from trees to birds by the transcendent skill of metamorphic gardeners, never shall ye be suffered to outgrow that likeness.—It may be thought that I have promis'd more than I'll perform, this is alas too much the case with orators who speak at an election ; but no corrupt con-

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derations,

derations, no venal party influence shall contaminate my principles, or induce me when in office to relax in the performance of those duties due by a patriotic Sexton to his fellow-citizens. I shall no longer trespass on your patience, but now call confidently for a shew of hands, trusting you will believe yourselves about to vote for one who is resolv'd to live and die an independent Grave-Digger."

This oration was no sooner concluded than a second Candidate came forward, a fellow of great humour, who soon convinc'd his audience he would not be outdone in elocution by his adversary; springing with great agility upon the highest tomb-stone, he thus addressed them:

"My rival, Mr. Spuddings, has amus'd you with a pompous history of his grave-digging ancestors. I had progenitors myself, as well as Hezekiah. I had myself a father too, true it is. I cannot now harangue you from his grave, for he, brave man, fell like a hero at the battle of Trafalgar, and now lies buried at the bottom of the ocean. I cannot certainly establish an hereditary claim to the possession of that post for which I now present myself a candidate; nor  
shall

shall I vaunt my own dexterity in making sepulchres; but dig I can, although to praise myself I am ashamed. I shall not conjure up the spirits of your ancestors to make a show of their aerial paws in my behalf; 'tis the substance, not the shadow, of a good thing I pursue, and therefore I request that you will one and all hold up those fleshly hands to serve my cause, and *viva voce* vote for my election. Because I have not serv'd a tedious apprenticeship to delving, perchance I may be thought by some ill qualified to wield a spade and mattock; but fear not, Sirs, if you will elect me I will so perform the duties of my office, that the ghosts of those I have to deal with, never shall complain of an *indecent* burial; ne'er shall the carcass of a scavenger be plac'd by me within the vault of an illustrious peer; ne'er shall the shell that holds a libertine be laid by me upon the coffin of a prude; never by me shall one man be entombed with another's wife; nor will I suffer an attorney to be buried near the hallowed spot that holds the reliques of an honest man.

“ Nor goose, nor horse, nor ass, shall ever be allowed to graze upon this consecrated herbage. No bearded goats shall make love on your daughters' tomb-stones; no dogs shall *irrigate* your sisters' monuments; no scabby sow shall ever rub her ramp against the head-stones of  
your

spouses. 'Tis not enough to root up weeds and nettles, I'll strew the graves of virgins with pale violets, and short-liv'd roses; at every lover's foot I'll plant a myrtle, and heroes shall repose beneath a shade of laurels.. I will do every thing that can evince regard for the living, and veneration for the dead; nor will I stop till I have rendered this church-yard the most agreeable and desirable spot of ground in the whole habitable globe."

Notwithstanding this fine harangue, the orator lost his election, for Mr. Spuddings was returned by a majority of fifteen voices; however he signified his determination to have a scrutiny. As Mr. Hartley wished me to wait on Dr. Codex as soon as possible, I was obliged to postpone my intended visit to my school-fellow. My companion the Usher amused me with the following account of Doctor Codex. "He is a man of about fifty, of most uncouth appearance, who passes among the rustics for a wonderful philosopher. He certainly is bless'd with stoical serenity of temper, and plumes himself on never giving way to passion under the most aggravated provocations incident

eident to matrimony. He is flattered when his wife is compared to Xantippe, because he concludes it will be thought he bears himself a strong resemblance to the god-like Socrates. There is nothing neat appertaining to him but his hand-writing, for his hands themselves are always beastly dirty; he is one of the best of readers, but the very worst of slovens; he is a tolerable scholar, but an intolerable epicure; he is an infamous bad player on the bass-viol, but it must be certainly allowed there is not a more famous antiquary in the kingdom; he doats to distraction on the venerable rust of Grecian helmets, Roman bucklers, and Egyptian deities. He is so devotedly attached to the ancients, that it is literary heresy to talk to him of any modern composition. An old manuscript, in his opinion, is a treasure beyond the mines of Potosi; yet with all his fondness for antiques, he has married a young wife. She's a proud dame, who piques herself in the antiquity of her family, and still more on her beauty: as to her temper, that is rather variable, so that  
you

you will take care to humour her as well as you can." I promised that I would. I went to the Doctor's next morning, and sending up my letter was called into his study, where I found him entrenched to the chin in Belgic folios and German quartos. I never saw so strange a figure in my life: his purple warty nose was saddled with a pair of large horn-mounted spectacles; his cheeks hung down on his shoulders, his chin on his breast, his belly on his knees; and his stockings over his heels. He read the letter, then sent me with it to his wife. What a contrast! she was slender, handsome, young, and dressed in the extreme of fashion.

I was engaged, and waited that day at dinner. My master eat with the appetite of an ostrich, and proved himself entitled to the name of an omnivorous animal; whilst my lady picked for dainty morsels, with all the squeamish delicacy of a pamper'd child. I was all attention, and wstohed her eye, which was as black as a slœ. The Doctor was dressed in a rusty old-fashioned suit.

of sables; as full of dust as any philosopher could well desire: his cranium was crowned by an immense buzz wig, the sight of which struck awe into the hearts of all illiterate beholders. The ancients appear to have little known the value of a bushy wig; they chiefly placed their confidence in beards of a peculiar cut and die, which seem to have retained their consequence till the days of Hudibras, if we may credit the immortal Butler.

I could have pleased my mistress well enough, if it had not been for a notorious toad-eater, that dined twice or thrice a-week at our house. A fellow, that never dreamt or sought for any thing but a good dinner; all his talents consisted in relating a string of old puns from Joe Miller. My lady's countenance was the mirror at which he drest himself; if he saw that it was ruffled, his great object was to smooth it by some compliment to her complexion, voice, or wit; because he saw how it amused her, he did nothing but rail against matrimony, old age, and learning. The cook hated him, for he always complained of her dishes;

the



the butler detested him, for he always quarrelled with the wine; and I abhorred him, for he eternally indicted me for inattention. We had our ample revenge, however, of this trencher-guest, this spittle-licking, wine-bibbing, retailer of stale puns and stolen jokes. A young gentleman happened to dine at our table one day: the moment he sat down the buffoon marked him for a *butt*; he soon, however, found he was not an empty one. The young gentleman, who was a fountain of wit, saw he had to contend with a shallow muddy cistern; the result was, that the *real* wit kicked the *pretended* one out of doors, and I never heard that he could find his way back again, to the great joy of all who knew his character. By way of mortifying the toad-eater, I posted up several copies of the following handbill, in conspicuous places: "Stolen or  
 "strayed, a bandy-legged mungrel, with a  
 "monstrous large belly, slouch ears, and  
 "sleeky hide. He has all the fawn of the  
 "spaniel, without any of the noble qualities of that animal. He was never known  
 "to

" to have any mercy on a dog of inferior  
 " strength, but if he spies the generous  
 " mastiff; he will hang his ears, and run off  
 " with his tail between his legs. He will  
 " answer to any name if there is a bone in  
 " question, and not content with thieving  
 " your food, he will steal behind you un-  
 " awares, and bite your heels; and often  
 " has been known to take a sly snap at  
 " the hand that fed him. The ladies,  
 " in particular, admire him for his ugliness.  
 " He will lick any plate, and thrust his  
 " muzzle into any mess. He can nose out  
 " a dinner at any distance, and can be bribed  
 " by a lump of kitchen stuff, to do such  
 " jobs of dirty work as would sicken the  
 " most hungry cur in the dominion."

Unfortunately one morning, as I entered  
 the breakfast-room, my foot chanced to  
 slip, so that the cream ewer fell out of my  
 hand, and spilt the contents on the carpet.  
 Mrs. Codex being much enraged, vowed  
 she never knew so unhandy a fellow in her  
 life. " Never mind, my dear," cried the  
 Doctor, " Lucretius says there's nothing  
 lost."

lost." "Lucretius! some old doating fool I suppose, that had nothing to lose." "He was a first-rate poet, and a great philosopher." "Two fools in one; well, you must drink your tea without milk." "I'm easy about it." "You're easy about it, you're easy about every thing. Your servants know you're a fool, and they impose on you." "Let them." "But I won't let them, I'll play the devil with them." "Do so." "And with you too." "Do so." "You mind nothing but your old books, I swear I'll burn them." "Do so." "And your bushy wig into the bargain." "Do so, any thing to please you." "I will be pleased." "I wish you would." "You cannot please me." "I'm sorry for it." "You're sorry for nothing." "Why should I?" "Nothing can ruffle your temper." "Not even your tongue." "It's my own, and I'll make use of it." "Do so." "Indeed I will." "Do so."

My master, poor dear philosopher, was easily pleased, but as to my mistress, that was another question. Sometimes she was

not

not well, if she was not ill; sometimes she was not in good humour, unless she was allowed to storm and scold. At other times if her glass did not reflect the face and shape of a Venus, it was sure to go in shivers. One day she came in after a morning's walk—I shall never forget the day—every thing was astray. The house was to be thrown out of one of the windows, the servants were all to be discharged, the library was to be burned; in short, Xantippe was to be out-Xantippeed, and the sound of the parish bell was lost in the peal of her tongue. The dog sought his hiding-place; the jack stopt in its course; instead of melting the butter, the cook melted herself with fear, the key dropped from the butler's hand; and as for myself, I am afraid even to hint at the situation into which she threw me. My Master was the only one in the house that remained in the full possession of his senses, instead of taking any interest in the storm, he continued making extracts from Vitruvius, with as much composure as if he had

had been seated in the subterranean study of Demosthenes.

Now what do you think was the cause of all this storm? why, neither more nor less than this, that some tale-bearer had whisper'd it into the ear of my dear mistress, that the curate's wife excelled her in beauty, nay in every thing but dress, and that even in point and family, she far out-topped her, and was descended in a right line from blood-royal. This was not to be borne, so the reader must not wonder if the rout was equal to the uproar. My lady's-maid, she was beauty incarnate to be sure; she was about thirty years of age by her own account, but upwards of fifty by the parish-register; as she had lived in good families, and was an adept in all the mysteries of the toilet, she had scraped together a handsome sum of money. So that she had lovers in abundance, but John the gardener was the favourite; as great a hodge as ever existed.

Notwithstanding the freaks of my mistress and the airs of her maid, my life pass'd  
away

away pleasantly enough. When I had time on my hands, I used to read and write; and when I had leisure on my feet, I used to walk and dance, so that I kept Ennui at arms length, and kicked old Care about like a foot-ball. The Doctor had a friend whose name was Blatta, he was a famous collector of books, and greatly impoverished himself by the purchase of a library, which was stored with curious manuscripts in all languages, as well as rare and eccentric books. At his request I was employed to put his library to rights, and to assist him in making a catalogue, an employment which I found very amusing: among many hundred other strange publications I found the following droll titles:

Busire's Dead Man's True Speech.

Here bigynneth ye boke which is icliped  
ye Prick of Conscience, ye which is dyvised  
in seven partes, a folio manuscript poem on  
vellum, valued at Ten Guineas.

A curious collection of Poems, viz. Sots  
Paradise, or the humours a of Derby Ale-  
House.

House—Hell in an Uproar—The Devil upon four sticks—A Lawyer turned Butcher—A Rod for naughty old Boys—Wicked grown-up Ladies put in Satan's corner.

True and faithful Relation of what pass'd for many years between Dr. John Dee and some spirit.

Sir Thomas More's pitiful life of Kyng Edward Fifth, with the tragical Doyinges of Kyng Richard Third.

Rare Tracts, viz. The Muzzle Muzzled—Wedlock frustrated, or the Sacred Knot untied—A Messenger from the Dead, or conference between the Ghosts of Henry the Eighth, and Charles the First, in Windsor Chapel—Interviews in the realms of Death—A Survey of Paradise, or the State of Innocence, a State of Virginitie, value 5l. 1536.

Gaule's Mag. Astro.-Mancer, or the Magical Astrologically Diviner pozed and puzzled—The Lawyer out-lawed—A Mur-nival of Knaves—The Vineyard of Horse-manship—A fair Shell but rotten Kernel—Fox set to watch the Geese.

A fiery flying roll, a word from the Lord  
to

to all the great ones.—A second fiery flying roll to all the earth, specially to the rich.—Divinity and Philosophy depicted, and set forth by a madman.—Arguments against bowing at the name of Jesus.—The glass of righteousness.—The nail hit on the head, and driven into the city and cathedral-wall of Norwich.—Adam's luxury, and Eve's cookery.—Pennewik's account of the blue blanket.

Wine, beer, and ale together by the ears, translated from the Dutch.—A clear voice of truth sounded forth, a satire against wooing.—The mouse grown a rat.—The most delectable history of reynard the Fox.—How to pay debts without money.—Killing no murder.—A discourse on the soul of the world.—March and October, a dialogue.—Chit-Chat, a comedy.—Speculum Speculativum, or a considering glass.—The soul of astrology.—Hickelty pickelty, or a medley of characters.—Judicial astrology judicially condemned.—Bull-baiting, or Sacheverel dress'd up in fire-works.—Secret history of the calves head club.—Introduction to the holy  
 a under-



understanding of the glass of righteousness. *The Royal Sin, or Adultery rebuked.*—Physic is a jest, a whim, an humour, a fancy, a mere fashion.—A sermon on the vegetable creation. A curious history of such persons who have lived several ages and grown young again.—Two bookes on the obscure night of the senses, and the obscure night of the spirits.—Secret history of the white staff.—Bishop Brown's discourse on drinking healths —Holborn drollery.—The isle of man, or proceeding in manshire against sin.—A profitable booke of master John Perkins.—Way to save wealth, shewing how to live for two-pence a day.—*Marriage ceremonies* in all parts of the world, *very diverting, especially to the Ladies!!!*—The way of a man with a maid.—Homer dogrylized, by Nicodemus Ninnyhammer.—Wine and oyle for wounded souls.—Holy spirits for gospel dram-drinkers.—The anabaptist wash'd, and wash'd, and shrunk in the washing.—Jacob's ladder, consisting of fifteen degrees or ascents to the knowledge of God..

I also took a copy of the catâlogue of his books, which is as follows:

Hooks and eyes for believers' breeches.—  
 High-heeled shoes for dwarfs in holiness.—  
 Charity out of clogs, and piety in pattens.  
 —Crumbs of comfort for the chickens of the  
 covenant.—A gospel heel-piece for a limp-  
 ing sinner.—A shove over the stile of grace  
 to the heavy-a—'d christian.—Heaven ra-  
 vish'd, and a figo for the devil.—A sigh of  
 sorrow for the sinners of Zion, breathed out  
 of a hole in the wall, of an earthen vessel,  
 known among men by the name of Samuel  
 Fisher.—Another shot aimed at the devil's  
 head quarters through the tube of a cannon  
 of the covenant.—Dagon down, or Goliath  
 slain, by a pebble from the sling of David,  
 of stature low, yet high exalted on the stilts  
 of faith.—Fire and faggot for unbelievers,  
 containing more scorching brands for the  
 sinners of the times.—Fuller once more Ful-  
 lerized, or that simple lump of fuller's earth  
 well pounded in a mortar.—Papa cut with a  
 hatchet, or a fig for my grand-son.—The old  
 lady in her tantrums.—The beaux of the

stage tost in a blanket.—The anabaptist dipt over head and ears in muddy water.—Emblems which men may read without the use of spectacles, and understand without the aid of commentators.—The life, calling and visions of Charly Hocker, with a *tongue-bat* in a Gravesend-boat.—A gag for noisy orators.—A caution to the fair sex against back-sliding in slippery weather.—Infidel warfare, or the canons of the church all spiked, by Dick the deist.—The oil of grace for stubborn knees that won't bend in prayer. The pope's closet broke open, or his cups and balls stolen.—Spiritual salmon pickled in the tears of a repentant sinner.—Great cry and little wool, or the devil trimmed by his own barber.—A spiritual onion to draw tears from the eyes of a sinner.—Advice to all dull bishops, with directions for them to grow *arch* as soon as possible.

There were many hundred more curious volumes, and the library was valued at no less than eighteen thousand pounds, though to look at the owner, you would not have supposed

supposed him worth as many pence. I began to feel myself perfectly establish'd in the family of Dr. Codex, when I receiv'd the following letter from an old school-fellow.

“ Dear Patrick,

“ Here I am in London, and thanks be to  
 “ my stars am blest with the most shining  
 “ prospects. I am too much elated to write  
 “ you an account of my present situation;  
 “ suffice it to say Fortune is now within my  
 “ grasp—and if I do not bind the purblind  
 “ goddess to my chariot-wheels, and hold  
 “ her in perpetual captivity, why then bad  
 “ luck to me, that's all. You now may  
 “ bid adieu to servitude, for I will provide  
 “ for you in a manner suitable to the large-  
 “ ness of your desert, and the magnitude of  
 “ my own friendship. Come to town with-  
 “ out delay, and fly to the Chapter coffee-  
 “ house, where you will be joyfully received  
 “ by

“ Your affectionate friend,

“ RODERIC JAMES DOWNEY.”

I cannot describe the effect produced on me by this epistle. All my master's wealth vanished in my view ; gilded domes, pillars of Italian marble, side-boards of shining plate, the lofty phaeton sublime, rich liveries and out-riders immediately presented themselves to my imagination. I flew to London on the wings of the wind, and found my dear friend in an instant.

When we arriv'd at his lodgings, I began to interrogate him on the subject of his riches. "Look at that," said he, pointing to a small black leather trunk, "little as it is, it contains the mines of Potosi—three tragedies, five farces, and a comedy."

"Any thing else?"

"The philosopher's stone."

"I thought you would discover it at last."

"The theatre is the true philosopher's stone ; I despise stage-trick, I trust to sterling wit, and genuine humour. You seem to be cast down."

"Not in the least ; but I have always thought ready money better than ready wit."

"They

"They are synonymous terms in this great town; a man of genius can always command wealth in London."

"It may be so, but we never find poets or authors set down for a slice of the loan, or hear of a man of genius being pricked for sheriff."

"You hear nothing."

"I hear something now——"

"That disheartens you."

"I have left a good place."

"Chear up."

"We must talk of this matter over a glass."

My good friend gave his comedy to be read by two great dramatic critics. One was a grave man, and he of course struck out every expression that would diffuse a smile; the other was a gay young fellow that drew his pen over every thing that was grave: a third read and interlined it in such a manner, that my poor friend Downey didn't know his own bantling. We sat down and transcribed it over again; in short, he danced attendance night and day,

but could not get access to the Managers. We converted the pawn-broker into a banker, took refuge in an airy citadel, breakfasted on hope, and dined as well as we could. Necessity compelled my friend at last to return from whence he came, but not till we had boiled the kettle with his dramas. My stomach at length began to be so pinched, that I didn't know what to do. One day when compell'd to count the trees in the park for a dinner, I compos'd the following rhapsody :

Hunger and Thirst are dreadful fellows,  
(As some of our best Poets tell us)

When they in league unite :  
You cannot sooth them with a tale  
Of haunted castle, fairy vale,  
Fond nymph, or love-sick knight.

If these on bard, fierce onset make,  
Poor Fancy to her wings must take,

With all her sylphic crew :  
For once th' intestine war begun,  
The maw with civil strife undone,  
To peace must bid adieu.

In

In vain the riot-act is read,  
 The great guts cry for cheese and bread,  
     Impatient of delay :  
 And ev'n the small-ones all bewail  
 The *bitter* want of beer and ale,  
     As well poor rogues they may.

On dainty cates they would not stuff,  
 The coarsest fare seems good enough,  
     When Famine cries aloud :  
 Genius demands not luscious meat,  
 Poets deem bread a costly treat,  
     For hunger is not proud.

Grant me, kind Heav'n, some lowly shed,  
 To shield this wretched *laurel'd* head  
     From the rude insolence of winter weather ;  
 And oh ! if in a giving mood,  
 Pray add sufficiency of food  
     To keep my body and my soul together.

When I was once more reduc'd to urgent distress, it was my destiny to enter the service of Mr. Flint, another miserable master, who consider'd parsimony as the supreme good. I had been told he had no fault but that of carrying his œconomy too far, and I soon found to my cost that report had not err'd in giving his character. He was a fine-



looking old man bordering on seventy, and was dress'd in an old suit of cloaths that had been in and out of fashion as often as Sir Roger de Coverley's cloak: he was bagging guineas in his study when I went in to be hired, and surveyed me with a most suspicious eye, as if he was jealous of my gazing at the object he adored. After a multitude of queries, he plumply asked me if Satan ever put it into my heart to covet my neighbours' goods. I told him that, thank God, I coveted nothing of my neighbours but their good qualities, which I esteemed a thousand times more valuable than all perishable earthly goods. This answer pleased the old boy so well, that he engaged me, and then handing me a religious book desired me to read it when I had leisure, as religion was man's chief support and consolation in this transitory life. When I went into the kitchen, I found it as cold as a grotto, though the dog-star rag'd. An old woman that could not hear herself sneeze, handed me a slice of bread, with a cup of milk and water. I was hungry, and eat without repining, hoping

hoping the dinner would make amends ; but in that I was completely disappointed.

The family all dined at home, consisting of two sons, and a daughter who was handsome and amiable. As it was her birth-day, he treated each to a glass of sour wine, corked up the bottle, and drank small-beer himself. At dinner he could talk of nothing but religion, the profanity of the times, the prodigality of youth, and the avarice of old age. On this latter subject, however, he touched but lightly. In the evening he sent for me, and made a long preachment about temperance, and the sudden deaths that arose from surfeits, a disease I was not likely to die of in his house.

I went to bed, ruminating on my friend the poet Downey, whose starvations circumstances led me to a train of cogitation, which produc'd the following whimsical dream. I thought I was travelling to Bath, and went to rest in a large room at an inn, in which there were three beds ; as two of them were empty when I put my candle out, and the chamber-maid had assur'd me no person was

repose in that room but myself, I was greatly terrified to hear a person yawn quite loud, and then commence the following conversation :

" I never was so restless in my life ; confound the chamber-maid, I wish she had put me in a room with some good chatty company."

" What the devil do you want with chatty company?" (demanded a second voice, which proceeded from the bed to my right.)

" Zcokers! who are you?" said the first voice, " you are a pretty-spoken kind of a gentleman."

" Who am I Sir?" answered the first voice, " I have the honour to be Stomach to Mr. Alderman Gorge."

" Oh, you are a Stomach, are you? So am I."

" The deuce you are! pray to whom do you belong?"

" A Poet."

" How happens it you are awake, brother?"

" Because I can't sleep."

" What

“ What hinders you ? ”

“ Grief.”

“ Why do you grieve ? ”

“ Because my master has forgot me.”

“ Oh, I understand you, most poetical, he expects you to be fed by air and promises lighter than air.”

“ That’s not the case with your master I trow, it is well for you to serve an Alderman.”

“ Not so well either, you know little of the miscellaneous loads I am oblig’d to digest; I am sometimes so distended that I am ready to burst; sometimes I am compell’d to grumble in spite of *the minister of the interior*; sometimes I am doom’d to swallow the *riot act*, that is, in plain English, a round dose of salts and jalap, and yet I am my master’s God, all his pursuits are directed to my gratification.”

“ My poor master scarce ever thinks of me; a mouldy crust of bread, some rhind of cheese, and a cup of cold water, are luxuries to me.”

“ What a difference between you and  
me—

me—a *fast* would be as great a luxury to me, as a *feast* would be to you. As often as my master gives a treat, I am obliged to work double tides, and I really think that one of these days he'll slip off in a surfeit."

"Then what will be made of you?"

"Food for the worms."

"You almost make me contented with my lot."

"You ought to be contented with it; abstemiousness is a saintly virtue, and gluttony a beastly vice."

"Yes, and an aldermanic one too, which is some degrees worse than brutal."

"I dread the approach of a city feast (to which my master is often invited) as much as you dread the approach of Lent."

"Not at all; it's Lent with me all the year round: yet after this conversation, I shall endeavour to make myself easy. My food is wholesome, and in time perhaps it may be more abundant. My master is not always insensible to my calls; for as Persius says, the belly is the master of arts. Why  
should

should I complain more than his back, for that is as ill clad, as I am ill fed."

A gnat then bit me so venomously, that I awoke, to my no small disappointment, for the dream amused me.

One day when he was out, I stepped into his library, where I met with the following paper, under the title of "Advice to my second son Edward."

1. If you should ever buy an estate, let it be from a nobleman, for you'll scarce ever find one that knows the value of his lands.

2. If you want to buy furniture, watch the sales after quarter-day.

3. Buy your winter cloaths in summer.

4. Lay in your coals in summer.

5. Buy books at the fall of the leaf.

6. Never speak to an attorney on any subject whatever, but in the presence of two or more witnesses.

7. In all cases of bankruptcy, get to be assignee if you can.

8. An executor to a will is a good thing.

9. Be sure to go to church every Sunday, wet or dry.

10. At times you may invite a wealthy man to dinner; leave the poor to God, they are his own people.

I knew very little of my two young masters: the eldest seemed to be of a generous temper, had a fine open countenance, and a figure at once elegant and manly. The second, a sneaking cur, resembled old hunks in manners and in disposition: he was a fellow who would have made you pay interest for the sound of a bad shilling.

He called me aside one day, and spoke to me as follows: "My father is rich, but he leads a life of great temperance, and may live to the age of old Parr; so that if I wait for a dead man's shoes, I may go bare-footed long enough. The present tense is the tense of all tenses. I have for some time past paid my addresses to a lady, who is no longer young, and I have brought her to at last; she could not resist my person and my rhetoric; she is rich beyond calculation, and it is now settled that we are to be married. I am afraid, however, of her grand-sons, so that Gretna Green is the word. The old blacksmith

blacksmith must forge and put on the fetters. You must get ready to attend us, my father is in the secret, and trembles lest the golden prize should be borne away by some worthless fellow, who would spend the lady's fortune in debauchery. You must carry her this letter, and tell her besides, that I am always ~~of~~ *travelling* of her."

"I will, Sir," said I, "leave that to me, I'll tell her that you can't *sleep* at nights for *dreaming* of her."

I ran off with the letter as fast as I could. He, she immediately put on her spectacles, read it over thrice, and thrice she pressed it to her withered breast, and kissed it. What a disgusting object! but how much more so the thought that a young man of two and twenty should sell himself to such a hag for gold, and that his father should consent to it.

Some imagine, it is true, that they'll swing but a short time in an old rotten halter, but let me tell them that an old widow is as tough as a piece of Indian rubber. The lady was furrowed over with wrinkles; as to



her teeth, father Time had drawn the greatest part of them. She might have been once as straight as Cupid's arrow, but at the time I am speaking she was bent like his bow. I thought it a sin to tell her my young master was dying for her, for I don't like to tell lies unless when I am at a loss for truth, which now-a-days is a precious article, and yet, the least saleable of any that is brought into market. The night of elopement was fixed: the chaste moon veiled her countenance, and left us in "*darkness invisible*." We reached Gretna Green at last; I was dispatched for the matrimonial Vulcan with his boy; we found him in the public-house, and before I could edge in one word, the following dialogue took place:

*Boy.* Sir, you are wanted.

*Blacksmith.* How many?

*Boy.* Three couple.

*Blacksmith.* Only three!

*Boy.* There may be more in the course of the day.

*Blacksmith.* Then Thomas should not be out of the way, he should take a little of the  
drudgery

drudgery off my hands ; I pay him fifteen shillings a week, and he's undoubtedly the laziest journeyman I ever had.

*One of the Company.* Is he married ?

*Blacksmith.* No, he sees enough of that work. You never knew a grocer fond of figs in his life. How did they come ?

*Boy.* The first, a simple-looking pair, came on foot.

*Blacksmith.* They'll do. Their names will never be heard of in Doctors' Commons.—Well, they can wait a little, bring in a tankard. The second ?

*Boy.* They came in a *sociable*.

*Blacksmith.* They'll return in a *SULKY*. They can wait.—The third ?

*Boy.* A fine young fellow, rising one and twenty last grass, with an old lady, a rich dowager, I warrant you.

*Blacksmith.* Her age ?

*Boy.* She's plastered and painted, but if she hasn't seen eighty winters I'll be hung up for a scarecrow, though I think she'd answer that purpose herself much better.

*Blach-*

*Blacksmith.* Then she can't wait ; I must be off, she's all in a flame, like my forge.

As we returned my new-married lord was complaining of the length of the road, the length of tavern bills, and a thousand other things, that I can't remember. I happened, however, by some means or other to please him so well, that he took me to be his servant, and that was almost out of the frying-pan into the fire ; for if his father was a miser in the comparative degree, he was one in the superlative. Every thing was in weight and measure, bread and butter, and table-beer ; as to flesh-meat a complete Lent, so that I was as tired of him as he was of his wife, and indeed both seemed to be heartily tired of each other.

The eldest brother sent for me one morning, and spoke to me thus : " My brother Ned is quite snug you see, he enjoys the fifteen comforts of matrimony. Now I have a mind to follow his example, I have an old lady in my eye ; it is true, that between John Westley and the brandy-bottle, she is not

not always in a sober mood of thinking. She had charms once in her day, but they are fled; those roses which spread all over her cheek are now all concentrated on the tip of her nose, but it matters not. This is the age of gold, and I must do something, for John Doe and Richard Roe are on the look-out, and I would rather enter a church with sun-set beauty, than be lighted into a prison by the morning star. What do you say?" "Then I would not," said I, and repeated these lines,

So I have seen the pride of Nature's store,  
The orient pearl chain'd to the sooty Moor;  
So hath the di'mond's brightest ray been set  
In night, and wedded to the negro jet,  
Like dolphins ranging in the wood,  
Whilst boars are swimming in the flood;  
Heaven and hell together lie,  
With reconcil'd antipathy.

"No, Sir, never thus debase yourself; if you are embarrass'd, hide yourself for a while till the storm is blown over, or till death knocks at your father's gate."

"What

"What do you think of a trip to the isle of Man?"

"No, Sir, the isle of Man and Woman too, old Ireland. Don't sell yourself and your posterity for a few bags of dross."

"Will you come with me?"

"That I will; as to your brother, I never expect a farthing by him, and as for his rib, she'll live long enough to make him tired of his life—that I see already with half an eye. She has just got a set of artificial teeth, and she may yet bite him with them, but gold is his god, his wife, and every thing."

"Then you had better give my brother warning."

"I will;" and so I did. After which, Frederick and I set off for the land of Saints with a prosperous gale. We staid but a day or two in Dublin, then set out for the country; the sun shone on us, the dogs fawned on us, and the girls ran to the doors and look'd for all the world as if they thought us two good-looking fellows; and had they call'd us so to our faces, I flatter myself  
both

both me and my master were too well bred to contradict them. We came to an inn on the road-side, where I recollect my master had the following conversation with the landlord.

*Englishman.* Holloa, house !

*Innkeeper.* I don't know any one of that name.

*Englishman.* Are you the master of this inn ?

*Innkeeper.* That's a nice question, Sir, I am married ; I must not criminate myself.

*Englishman.* Have you a bill of fare ?

*Innkeeper.* Yes, Sir, the fair of Mullingar, and Ballinasloe are to be held next week ; but you'll fare as well in my house as in the first inn in Christendom.

*Englishman.* I mean, an account of what you have in your larder.

*Innkeeper.* Oh, Sir, that would make out a catalogue as long as a Welch genealogy, or a taylor's measure.

*Englishman.* Have you any *wild* fowl ?

*Innkeeper.* They were *wild* enough yesterday,

day, but *tame* enough to-day ; for they were shot last night.

*Englishman.* Good ale I suppose ?

*Innkeeper.* Foaming, not with passion, but strength.

*Englishman.* Is your cellar well stor'd ?

*Innkeeper.* No *lowness* of spirits in that quarter, I assure you ; a rich magazine of grape-shot. Wine is the milk of old age, and happy is the man that hath his dairy full of it.

*Englishman.* Any mountain ?

*Innkeeper.* This country is full of mountains.

*Englishman.* I mean a kind of wine.

*Innkeeper.* All sorts, from Irish white wine (butter-milk) to Burgundy. I have a pipe of claret, and Bacehus never rode on such a tun in his life, not a head-ache in all my cellar.

*Englishman.* Very well, have you any fish ?

*Innkeeper.* They call myself an odd fish.

*Englishman.* I hope you're no shark ?

*Innkeeper.* No, I am no lawyer.

*English-*

*Englishman.* Have you any *soles*?

*Innkeeper.* For your shoes, or your boots?

*Englishman.* I mean a species of fish.

*Innkeeper.* I'm bad at remembering names, but I have all kinds of fish, except Plaice, which I am told is a favourite fish at court.

*Englishman.* You'd like a place, wouldn't you?

*Innkeeper.* I might have been an Excise-man if I had voted for a certain member, but I love my country.

*Englishman.* How are your beds?

*Innkeeper.* Very well, I thank you.

*Englishman.* Good cheese too?

*Innkeeper.* Some of the first Cheshire-cheese ever made in Ireland.

*Englishman.* I believe you're an honest fellow.

*Innkeeper.* I wish you could make others believe it. However, I hope you'll find me to be so.

My master was pleased with every thing, particularly with a middle-aged man that sung the following song in the kitchen:

H

Born



Born in the county of Tyrone;  
 My name is Con O'Connor,  
 I've often pawn'd my clothes, I own,  
 But never pawn'd my honour.

That Gem, thank Heaven, I kept entire,  
 Ev'n when my wife and daughter  
 In winter wept the want of fire,  
 And liv'd on bread and water.

But Providence will ne'er forget,  
 The honest-hearted sinner;  
 For now each day I'm out of debt,  
 And in for a good dinner.

He entertained us till midnight with jokes and songs, for he had an excellent pipe, and my master took care to wet it. The next morning we got up as fresh as two four year olds, and as I knew all the pleasant parts of the country, I was determined to lead him through them only. The landlord was happy to find that we were pleased with his wine, and his beds, but still more so, that we were charmed with his wife. He gave us a long account of his courtship, and marriage. In the course of this narrative,  
 he

he didn't forget his old school-master, and the love-letter that he wrote for him in the Christmas holidays, of which the following is a correct copy:

" My dear Angel,

" It is impossible to verbally declare  
 " the sublimity of satisfaction which I ex-  
 " perience in the fond anticipation of pass-  
 " ing that period of temporal abstraction  
 " from scholastic attention ordinarily cog-  
 " nominated the vacation; or, as marking  
 " the diurnal sanctimonious employment  
 " usually directed, emphatically appellated  
 " holy-days; therefore, in simple and hum-  
 " ble dictates I inform you, that the recess  
 " is fixed for the 23d of the present duo-  
 " decimal division of the annual solar revo-  
 " lutions; then shall I hope to experience  
 " all those domiciliary delectations usually  
 " attendant on that periodical festivity, con-  
 " juncated with the hilarities of those to  
 " whom I am enfraternally connected. Then  
 " those viands vaporially affecting our ol-  
 " factory organs with their salubrious efflu-  
 " via, and our stomachs with their invigo-

" rating influence will be abundantly de-  
 " voured, whether consisting of torrefacted  
 " or bulliated quadrupedal carnous substan-  
 " ces, the more delicate fibres of the volant  
 " aerial inhabitants, or the submarine pis-  
 " catory residents; concluding with those  
 " heterogeneous compositions called pud-  
 " dings, aided by the exhilarating effects of  
 " vinous libations!"

As we were riding along one Sunday, we  
 were attracted by a crowd, assembled round  
 a man mounted on an eminence; when we  
 came up, we found it was a methodist-  
 preacher. We listened to him for some  
 time, and I never shall forget the following  
 passage, which, he uttered with a kind of  
 triumph, as if he had made a most import-  
 ant discovery.

" I have been puzzling my pate," said  
 he, " these many years past, to know one  
 thing, and that is, what is the trade the  
 enemy of mankind delights to follow? Well,  
 I have found it out at last. He's a trap-  
 maker, not a trap to catch rats and mice, or  
 foxes, or moles, but to catch unthinking  
 men

men and women : a fine lady's cap and ribbon, that's a trap to catch a brainless Bond-Street beau ; a chintz or muslin gown is a trap. Those new-fashioned wigs which our ladies of fashion wear, is another, and a curious one too ; for an old Beldam, with a little paint on her cheeks, and a wig of flowing hair, will pass off for a boarding-school miss, provided the dentist has furnished a string of teeth, and the oculist a new eye, or the old one fresh enamell'd. A fine tortoise-shell snuff-box and a ring are never-failing traps ; a painted fan is a trap, a feather is a trap, scarlet is the trap of traps ; so there are men-traps, and women-traps ; and old nick seems to think of nothing else but traps, so that one would say he had been bred and born a trap-maker. But I hope one day to contrive a trap that will entrap this arch fiend when he's least thinking of it, and then we'll have the laugh on our side, and the devil may find that the disciples of John Wesley are *up to trap* as well as himself."

As we travelled through the country I

had an opportunity of visiting my relations; they were all glad to see me, and thought I was very much improved in my dress and manners, particularly in my English, which was as neat as imported. I visited my old uncle Darby, and was sorry to find that his only son Bernard was dying for love of Honora, who was on the eve of being married to a rich grazier of the name of Carrol; Barny could do nothing but sing and drink whiskey. I pitied the poor fellow, for Nora after all, was not the greatest beauty in the parish; indeed, if you took her by weight she would carry away the prize, for she was full sixteen stone; but I must confess, that she had smiling eyes, and women's eyes, it is well known, are Cupid's artillery; and precious carnage the rascal makes with them. When we parted, he shed as many tears as would pickle a barrel of cod. My master's cash being almost gone, he began to think of returning home; as I had tasted of his prosperity, I was resolved to share every thing with him in his adversity, and swore that I never would  
part

part with him till he came to his estate, at least. When we had set our feet on English ground, his spirits began to sink; I strove to amuse him with songs and stories, till we reached the capital. One morning he called me into his room; "Patrick," said he, "you have been a faithful servant, or rather companion to me. Your time is your little estate, and I don't wish it should be wasted. I can get you into the service of an old gentleman, where you'll live well. He is wealthy, he is a bachelor; his nephew, who is to be his heir, is a fine young man, and I think you will be very happy. I must quarter myself on a friend, as the goldfinches are all fled." I don't know what I said, I believe nothing, but I felt a tear steal down my cheek, and I saw twenty run down his. It was vain to assure him, that I would live on bread and water with him. He gave me a letter to the gentleman, who hired me in an instant, without so much as once asking what I could do. I happened to please him in every thing, particularly in the care of his horse, which was a great

favourite: he saw that I was fond of the brute creation. Having settled his affairs in town, he took a small farm in the country; this was joyful news to me, for I hoped to sow all my wild oats in it, and my master and I both would have been very happy in our retirement, if a purse-proud upstart had not lived so near us. This ill-bred ignorant fellow used to plague my master sometimes with his impertinent visits; and as I studied his character over and over, I shall present the reader with a receipt to make a *purse-proud upstart*.

If you are sprung like a mushroom from dung, and if Fortune, that blind-eyed goddess, in one of her whimsical fits, should unexpectedly shower wealth upon you, in the first place you must shake off all your old acquaintances, and consort only with those that value themselves on the length of their purses. You must never ask a poor man to your table, or be seen speaking to a man of shabby dress in a public place, unless he stands at an awful distance with his  
hat

hat in his hand. You must hold no society with poor wits, and ragged men of ingenuity; always try to prove that learning is an evil, and above all things try to ridicule all living men of merit; you may banter the Literati in this strain, such as, "what is the use of books! can you eat them? can you drink them? and what do books contain but the dreams of half starved poets and philosophers, a parcel of fellows that lived and died in garrets?" You must always hold out that your wealth is the fruit of your own industry, and this will furnish you with an opportunity of railing against the poor, such as a race of drunkards, sluggards and idlers, that ought to be hung or sent to Botany-bay. If ever you give a shilling to any man in distress, let it be in public; if any one should taunt you with the obscurity of your birth, affect to smile, though it should wound you to the heart. If any poor devil should solicit employment from you, be sure to make use of his talents, so that while he is drinking water out of a pump-ladle, you will drink wine out of his scull; never admit him to an



audience except in your bed, and when he sees you lie in state, it will strike him with awe. When you speak to such people always deal in *ayes* and *noes*.

My master Mr. Goodall was neither a miser, nor a prodigal, he lived as became a country gentleman of independent fortune. He had met with many disappointments in the world, but they had not soured his temper, so that my mind would have been at perfect ease in his service, could I have forgotten Isabella; but had I swallowed the whole river of Lethé, I should not have been able to drown her merits in oblivion. She was one of nature's darlings, and she was mine. In the midst of this happiness, my master's sister, a maiden-lady, chanced, as the fates would have it, to pay us a visit, a tall moving skeleton on the wrong side of fifty. For the first month, I was the only favourite of all the servants; she used to say the kindest things in the world to me, but all of a sudden I was every thing that was bad in her eye: I was a drunkard, a rake, in fact, the very out-cast of society.

My

My master chided and admonished me, I assured him I was traduced, and that he should find me an obedient, sober, faithful servant. I said no man was without his enemies, and that it was impossible for me to turn to milk the gall of a malicious tongue. He listened to me with that benevolence that was interwoven with his nature, and said, "he hoped all that he had heard of me was false. You know," said he, to me one day, "that I have a nephew, my sister's son; I once flattered myself that he would be an honour to the family. Nature was prodigal to him in person and mind, and I took care that such gifts should not be lost to the world. I gave him the best education that England could afford." "Why, Sir," said I, "I understand that he is a fine young man, and that he loves you with the utmost affection; you know that youth is a fever, if he despises money, so much the better, for it is a melancholy thing to see a young man fond of dirty trash; he has enemies, perhaps, as well as myself, that think they'll make their court to you by pouring

poison in your ear. He may be a great man yet, he may be a member of parliament, he may be a courtier"——

"Hold, hold, Patrick," cried the good old man, "I have no objection that he should serve his country in parliament, but as to a courtier, you little know what you say; a court is a strange place my child. There, every body obeys that he may command: they cringe, that they may exalt themselves; at every instant, they change parts; every one is protected, and protector; there all receive vain promises; and give them to others in their turn. It would seem that no person dies in that reign; for in a moment every one is forgotten, every one is replaced, without the smallest appearance of any change. A court is the abode of envy and of hope; while the one torments, the other consoles, and gives birth to agreeable dreams. Death seizes the inhabitants in the midst of hopes that have been disappointed for twenty years, in the midst of projects that would demand a hundred. Those who know nothing about  
a court,

a court, believe it to be a second paradise, filled with golden fruits, and ever blooming flowers. Those who inhabit it, talk of it with disgust, and yet they cannot leave it. As to my nephew, I still think he has some good points about him; I have sent a confidential friend to enquire into his character; I see him coming up the garden now, so you may pretend that you are busy about the room, and you'll hear what he has to say!"

*Mr. Goodall.* Well, have you heard any thing about that scape-grace?

*Spy.* Why—I—

*Mr. G.* Speak out man.

*Spy.* Why I hear that he's fond of Mr. Tamworth's wife.

*Mr. G.* That's more than her husband is. What more?

*Spy.* I am told that he is paying his addresses to Mr. Osborn's daughter, but I don't believe it.

*Mr. G.* Why not, she's a fine young woman of a modest demeanour.

*Spy.* But her family—

*Mr. G.*

*Mr. G.* He is not to marry the family.

*Spy.* Her father, you know, was a horse-rider.

*Mr. G.* If so, she's descended from the *Equestrian* order.

*Spy.* She has no fortune.

*Mr. G.* But I have one.

*Spy.* Your nephew will spend it.

*Mr. G.* May be not.

*Spy.* Why he despises money.

*Mr. G.* So he should. I don't find that he's either a drunkard, a gambler, or an idler.

*Spy.* An idler, Sir, why he spends all his mornings in reading, and if that is not idleness, I know not what you call idleness.

*Mr. G.* Don't you know that books are silent friends?

*Spy.* There is no friend equal to gold. Old books, old women, and old almanacks, are all out of date; and then he spends his money so foolishly, he lends it to those that never can repay.

*Mr. G.* Have you learnt to whom he has lent any money?

*Spy.*

*Spy.* Yes, I have a pretty long list; stay, let me see, "three old widows, six orphans, two bankrupts, four authors, five half-pay officers, seven welch curates, are all his debtors."

*Mr. G.* Hold, hold, he's a sad dog! indeed; but after all, he's my nephew. He shall have every penny of my fortune; I shall be my own executor, he shall have the half of it during my life. It can't be in better hands, and now, Sir, "*Othello's occupation is gone.*" You are not capable of judging of the character or conduct of a gentleman. Take this purse, and never let me see your face again. The fellow sneaked out of the room, and if it had not been under my master's roof, I would have kicked him down stairs, without ceremony.

My master's sister went on a visit for a week to the house of a country cousin, and heaven knows I was glad of it. In that interval of ease and quiet, I wrote the two following letters:

To

*To my dear Friend THOMAS B———N.*

You write, dear Tom, for my advice,  
 And you shall have it in a trice:  
 It seems you wish in life to settle  
 Your only son, a lad of mettle.  
 Yet know not on what trade to pitch,  
 If he shall learn to hedge or ditch,  
 If he shall be a smith, a tailor,  
 A priest, a soldier, or a sailor;  
 As in my judgment you confide,  
 And wish me promptly to decide,  
 What trade 'tis best to bring him up to,  
 That he may sometimes dine, and sup too:  
 If he's a youth of brilliant parts,  
 Like Bacon, Newton, or Descartes;  
 Make him a *Singer* or a *Dancer*,  
 I'll pledge my life the plan will answer.  
 But if his genius is too low  
 To rival Monsieur Didelot,  
 Or if he is so great a Zany  
 As not to sing like Catalani,  
 Then bind him to the Lord Mayor's cook,  
 But never let him read a book;  
 For that would only waste his time,  
 And lead him luckless into rhyme,  
 And what can be a greater curse  
 Than rhyming head and empty purse?  
 A butcher is a thriving trade,  
 You *know* yourself they get well paid;  
 How many tradesmen sprung from dirt,  
 Without two suits and half a shirt,

**Have**

Have ris'n by means both foul and fair,  
 To fill the office of Lord Mayor;  
 When they the company command  
 Of the first persons in the land;  
 And if to handsome wives they're buckled,  
 Some royal Duke may make them cuckold,  
 An honour held in estimation,  
 Now in our poor degraded nation,  
 Where Parliaments can prove *ding dong*  
 That royal Dukes can ne'er do wrong;  
 So if our wives they kiss by force,  
 Their Highnesses do *right* of course.  
 You see what dignities attend  
 Tradesmen whom fortune's smiles befriend:  
 You see to wealth the shortest way,  
 So chuse your path without delay;  
 While I remain, with true regard,  
 Ever your loving friend, and bard.

“ My dear Cousin,

“ I received a letter from Jemmy  
 “ M'Naughtan last week, with a flourish like  
 “ whirlwind at the end of his name. His  
 “ pride is wounded to find that I am a ser-  
 “ vant, and then he talks to me of the ho-  
 “ nour of my house, *sed fortuna fuit*. All  
 “ would be very well, if I could live on air;  
 “ but unfortunately I was born to eat and  
 “ drink.



" drink. Now what avails the antiquity of  
 " my family! what does it avail that I can  
 " whistle Latin, when I could name a  
 " thousand who know no Latin, and still  
 " less Greek, and yet they can loll on  
 " cushions of down, sit in the uppermost  
 " seat in the synagogue, and would be  
 " justices of the peace, if they could read  
 " the riot-act? I am content with my sta-  
 " tion, I have met with an indulgent mas-  
 " ter, and might live here peaceably, if it  
 " were not for his sister, who to a certain-  
 " ty is not a composition of human clay,  
 " but was manufactured out of crab-tree. I  
 " strive to please her, but alas! my efforts  
 " are all in vain. I might as well think of  
 " keeping out the tide with a pitchfork.  
 " It's a pity she wasn't married to some vi-  
 " negar-merchant. She was bred under an  
 " old pedant,\* and she is passionately fond  
 " of

\* A pedant is one that drives six syllables a-breast  
 that turns aside with contempt from a pigmy mono-  
 syllable; that quotes Latin by the perch, and Greek by  
 the mile; that keeps a pair of scales for weighing ac-  
 cents; that hunts down all argument with verbal volu-  
 bility;

“ of long words, and patchwork quotations.  
 “ I am told there is an old half-pay lieu-  
 “ tenant paying his addresses to her, and I  
 “ wish he may carry her off with drums  
 “ beating, colours flying, and dogs barking  
 “ in the rear. I have only time to tell you  
 “ that I am

“ Your affectionate Cousin,

“ PATRICK O’SULLIVAN.”

I was happy as long as my master’s sister was from home, but when she returned I led such a wretched life that I quitted my place, and next got into the service of a gentleman, with whom I could have lived all my life on bread and water. He was bred in a camp, and though sprung of a noble family, was never known to boast of it. He had bled in many battles in the cause of his country. He was of a gay and airy temper, a good dash of-Captain Sentry

bility; that looks on the ancients as the only favourites of the Parnassian sisters; that delights to hunt a word from Alpha to Omega; that quotes by random; that cocks his hat in the form of a Greek Delta, and wears a spur like a Hebrew Lamed.

try in his character, with all the gallantry of Will Honeycomb; was never known to seduce any man's daughter, or to invade any man's bed. He was in reality as brave as a lion, when his blood was chafed; but not a single drop of the ferocious savage in his composition. His fortune was slender, and that was my misfortune, as well as his own; in short, there never was a braver or a better man than Colonel Oldstock. The following conversation let me into his character before I was three days with him :-

*Col. Oldstock.* Well, Harry, I'm glad to see you. What have you done with your old friends?

*Harry Bloomfield.* Who, John Doe and Richard Roe?

*Col. O.* Yes, you have dissolved that partnership I hope.

*Harry B.* Not so, the firm I fear will be immortal. I must give the rogues the slip.

*Col. O.* Oh! for a year of Sundays, and six years of long vacations; but the morrow of All Saints make all bodies tremble. If they would give me a little time I would pay all.

*Harry B.*

*Harry B.* I would do the same.

*Col. O.* You have spent your money, my dear Harry very foolishly; you have shower'd your favours on those that even rejoice at your misfortunes. You should read the fable of the honey-pot and the flies.

*Harry B.* I have been most imprudent, and my fate will be a prison.

*Col. O.* I know what a prison is, what does my old friend whom I always quote, say? "A prison, a live man's sepulchre, the house of meagre looks, where to be out at elbows is in fashion, where it is deemed a breach of decorum not to be thread-bare. The dunghill of the law, on which the ruins of the gentry and decayed tradesmen are thrown. The university of poor scholars, in which three sciences are chiefly studied, to pray, to curse, and write letters; in which all the students are *close* fellows and *fast* friends; a tenement which none will take over your head. In short, a prison is a place where spendthrifts set up their rest, a forced trial of a man's patience, a dear-bought experience, a too-late repentance,  
the

the touch-stone of friendship, a confused commonwealth, a short life, a long death, a haven of sighs, and a valley of tears."

"No, my dear Harry, I wish you and I had listened to the voice of Thomas Pett the miser:

When a man becomes a debtor,  
Alas! he's at the mercy then  
Of every bailiff, dun, and setter,  
Monsters in the form of men.

If e'er you chance to run in debt,  
You'll find what I assert too true,  
You'll think of prudent old Tom Pett,  
But think, perhaps, too late to rue."

*Harry.* I believe what you say to be true.

*Col.* I speak experimentally. Redeem the precious moments you have mispent; it is not too late, you are young; time has thinned my flowing hair. I intend to take a little house in the country, far from the busy haunts of men.

"Then you intend to turn hermit?"

"Not at all; a few books, Kitty, and the little boy, will make my world; and in a few years I shall be able to pay all my debts."

"I'll

"I'll follow your example, but as to women—"

"Angels!"

"Fallen ones then, hypocrites, painted sepulchres!"

"You speak of those who were first seduced by man, and seek to be avenged on the whole race."

"I speak of those who have been my ruin."

"I told you long ago, not to listen to the Syren tongue, nor trust to the touch that would thaw the icy veins of Anchorets. But lovely woman! "made to temper man," to bind up his wounds with balmy fingers, to sweeten his slumbers, and to dissipate his sorrows."

"I think I have eloquence enough to prevail on my uncle to advance me a few hundreds."

"Do not calculate too much on eloquence, few men are disposed to give their money in change for rhetoric. Learn to be prudent; Edmund Burke calls prudence the Queen of Virtues. I only give you the advice I am now pursuing myself."

"Then

" Then, let us fly to the country together, talk solecisms together, build airy castles together, and hope for the best. If ever I get into parliament, my first step will be to bring in a bill for the relief of unfortunate debtors, and the punishment of criminal ones."

" And if ever I obtain a seat in the senate, I'll bring in a bill—

That a quack-doctor and an undertaker should not be allowed to live in the same town.

That a lawyer should be obliged to eat all the unnecessary words in his brief.

That all divines should practice what they preach.

That if ever paper should be made of vegetables, criticisms should be printed on nettles, school-books on birch, pugilistic tracts on box-wood, politics on wormwood, tragedies on cypress, elegies on weeping-willow, and patriotic tracts upon old English oak.

That no apothecary should usurp on his neighbour's trade, and sell *dying* stuffs.

That

That Bond-Street loungers should associate with none but the warbling eunuchs of the Opera.

That nineteen twentieths, at least, of our modern publications should be put down in the Bills of Mortality.

That the grave-digger of St. Pancras should write a treatise on the *diet of worms*.

That tallow-chandlers shouldn't grumble, as they live on the fat of the land.

That the price of sloes should not be raised, in consequence of the quick advance of the price on wine."

A coxcomb once sent the Colonel a most affected letter, in which he requested he would put him on a plan of reading, and send a list of such books as he would recommend him to purchase, as he was just about to make a library to take down into the country. The Colonel sent for me and dictated the following catalogue:

Thoughts on Thoughtlessness, by Jedediah Numskull.

Life, a Farce, by Democritus Gay, Esq.

I

Death,



Death, a Tragedy, by George Slaughter the younger.

The Grave, an afterpiece, by Diggory Shovel.

Elements of Cookery, with directions to make all kinds of meat agreeable, by Pêter Peckish, Poet: to which is added, a new-discovered mode of cooking Tailors' geese. •

The Art of Washing without soap or water, by Sarah Starchman, Washerwoman.

Madness briefly Methodized, in twelve vol. folio, 118th edition, corrected and revised, by Crazy Proser, of Brazen-Nose College, Oxford, A. M. F. R. S.

Mathematical Institutes, containing among other things a new mode of extracting the cube-root from a dice-box; how to calculate the superficial inches of a grid-iron while broiling sprats; how to take the latitude and longitude of a bridegroom's foot; the altitude of a sow's *right* ear, &c. &c.

Reflections on the Use of Light, and the advantage of warmth demonstrated, by Matthew Moonshine.

More Conjuring, or a new discovered mode

mode of drinking Burton Ale out of an empty tankard, by a half-pay Midshipman.

How to make Hay upon the Water, and to make Water upon Hay.

A Plan recently proposed in Ireland for converting a Plenum into a Vacuum, without the use of Boyle's air-pump, by Titus Thirsty.

Plan of a spinning-Jenny for the use of modern Novel-writers, dedicated by permission to the Goddess Minerva.

An Essay, in which is proposed the expediency of removing Smithfield farther from Doctors' Commons, by Wilful Wittol.

A Treatise, to prove that the easiest way to leap over a five-bar-gate, is to creep under it.

*Golden Rules* for making the Philosophers' stone.

A certain plan to prevent the further growth of Poetry, by *Jeffery Scott, Critic*.

The Metamorphoses of P. N. Ovid completely metamorphos'd.

An Old Bard in a new dress, or Lucian deck'd in the great-coat of Rabelais, the

socks of Swift, and the black silk breeches of Lawrence Sterne.

This catalogue was inclosed in the following letter:

“ Sir,

“ I have received your sublime epistle,  
 “ and although it has not been in the power  
 “ of my sluggish comprehension to follow  
 “ your fancy through all her daring flights,  
 “ yet I have gone high enough to be  
 “ astounded at the rapidity of your imagination, which wanders like a comet thro’  
 “ the boundless track of the poetic empyrean. You wish me to propose you a  
 “ course of reading: taking it for granted  
 “ that a person of your erudition has already  
 “ perused Guy Earl of Warwick,  
 “ Mother Goose, Jack Hickathrift, and  
 “ the history of the old woman who drowned herself in Ratcliffe-Highway; I have  
 “ sent you a list of a few works which I  
 “ found very amusing when I was confined  
 “ last winter to my room by a cold I caught,  
 “ owing

"owing to my valet's forgetting to air my  
"spectacles.

"I remain,

"Your ever faithful servant,

"C. R. OLDSTOCK.

"P. S. Should you wish to make a further purchase of books, I can furnish you another catalogue of authors, equally rare and valuable with those now sent."

The coxcomb was so gall'd by this letter, that he never came near the Colonel afterwards, who rejoiced in having got rid of such an insignificant acquaintance. He possessed much drollery, and used to furnish great mirth to his friends, whom he entertained with genuine hospitality. He had many odd similes, and quaint sayings; he used to say, some orators put him in mind of long-neck'd bottles, as the less they have in, the more noise it makes in coming out. He declared grave-diggers were the only *bankers* that never fail. One day when I went into his room, I saw him lift up his hands and eyes like a man in despair, "Good heaven, Sir, what is the matter," said I,

“are you unwell?”—“Oh! I’m undone; I must be ruin’d, nothing now can save me! Look,” said he, pointing to our milkman, who had just lifted the cover off his pail in a tremendous shower of rain, “how will any poor gentleman be able to keep his head above water, when the very elements conspire to cheat him.” He us’d to say posterity would envy us for having liv’d in days like these, when books may be bought by the pound, when professions of friendship may be had for nothing, and end in nothing; when *Crim. Con.* is applauded *Nem. Con.* when a knight of the post takes his seat at table with the knight of the shire; when the education of a nobleman is consign’d to huntsmen, jockies, and grooms; and when a Duke takes more pride in patronizing a bruizer than the first genius of the age. One morning while I was reading the news-paper, I met with the following whimsical advertisement:

“WANTS A PLACE,

“A YOUNG MAN from the country, about twenty years of age, descended of  
one

one of the oldest families in Christendom. He can produce a genealogy as long as a taylor's measure; he is a boy that can handle a flail, a trowel, or a shelala, with as much grace as a dancing-master pulls off his hat: a knot would equally become his back or shoulder: he has no objection to be a footman, or a horseman. His temper is excellent, he can bear with as much ill nature as you like, if spoke in jest. He can live on any thing but board-wages—and can be pleased with any thing that is set before him, except clean platters, and empty glasses. He is to be heard of at the cook-shop in Wapping, any hour from ten to three."

I was curious to find out the advertiser, and when I did, who should it happen to be but my cousin Tiddy Mulvany, all the way from the borders of the Lake of Killarny; who, to use his own expression, brought me a wallet-full of news. I introduced him to a gentleman that wanted a servant of his kind; the reader, perhaps,

1 4

would

would like to hear what passed at the interview.

" You were born in Ireland?"

" I am told so."—

" How long have you been in England?"

" Ever since I came out of Ireland."

" How long is that?"

" Long enough, Sir."

" Twelve months, I suppose?"

" A dozen of them at least."

" Were you ever at school?"

" Yes, Sir, at the dancing-school."

" Are you sober?"

" I hope, Sir, I'm not drunk."

" Not at present—but are you inclined to drink?"

" I never drank, but one glass at a time in my life."

" How long did you live in your last place?"

" Twenty years, Sir."

" Who with?"

" My father and mother."

" Very well—are you good-humoured?"

" Look at my face, Sir, if you please."

" If

"If you are not good-humoured, you're a cheat."

"I never cheated any one."

"Never?"

"Except the priest that I once cheated out of his blessing."

"Well, I think we shall agree."

"To a tittle, Sir, don't you be afraid of that."

Tiddy was hired without further ceremony.

The Colonel was so closely press'd by his creditors, that he was obliged to sell off every thing he had, and retire into the country. I parted from him with great regret, although he provided me a new master before he suffered me to quit his service. He was a young man of great expectations, liberal in his disposition, and elegant in his manners; but the victim of an unworthy passion for a capricious young woman of fashion, who rejected his addresses. I had a rare easy life of it, for he neither visited or saw company, was altogether negligent of his person, and wasted all his time in com-



posing plaintive elegies; yet I found he could write so seriously when a proper occasion presented itself; of which the reader may judge by the following tale, which he wrote on the subject of a matrimonial quarrel which occurred in the street where we lived.

### “ HOW TO LOSE A SUPPER,”

#### A MATRIMONIAL TALE.

“ A plump young widow, not much worse for wear,  
With luscious lips, white teeth, and auburn hair,  
Had mourn'd her lord's decease ten dreary weeks,  
Till grief half nipt the blossom of her cheeks.  
As she had tears at will, as well as sighs,  
'Twas fear'd the dame would soon weep out her eyes:  
If you but nam'd John Trot, her tongue still ran  
On the perfections of the dear good man;  
With whom she pass'd six years of wedded life,  
And ne'er to John gave cause of grief or strife:  
She might for that possess good reasons too,  
Perchance it sav'd some *suits of black and blue*.

“ When press'd to try the marriage-state again,  
How she would sigh! and how her eyes would rain!  
Quick with her finger she cork'd up one ear,  
Yet left the other if it chose to hear;  
But if a Cat you know once laps good cream,  
Or if a ravenous Pike once feeds on bream,

These

These epicures are both in sulky mood,  
 If fate debars them from their fav'rite food.  
 We've said enough—tir'd soon with *single-bedding*,  
 The widow long'd to have a second wedding.  
 A man who had interr'd one loving wife,  
 And for her sake admir'd a married life,  
 Hearing our widow'd dame had cash and land,  
 To proffer her his heart, went cap in hand.

The man was ugly, lame, and old,  
 And cast in an unpolish'd mould;  
 But then he had a monstrous nose,  
 And that's sufficient, we'll suppose.  
 He to the widow's went one day,  
 Pretending he had lost his way;  
 She ask'd him in, and down they sat,  
 And entered into harmless chat:  
 In short, he play'd his part so well,  
 That beauteous Mary shortly fell  
 Into the snare the lover laid,  
 For Richard was a dashing blade,  
 Who well knew how to court a lass,  
 And learnt it out of Hudibras.  
 The Honey-Moon was pass'd in joy,  
 But even honey's self will cloy,  
 When tir'd of Dick, her tongue ran on  
 In praise of dear departed John,  
 "So unassuming, generous, kind,  
 "He has not left his like behind."  
 The husband cry'd, "my dear first spouse  
 "Held sacred all her marriage-vows;

" I ne'er shall see her like again,  
 " No, woe is me! that hope is vain."  
 Thus each in turns would oft complain,  
 Moll wept for John, Dick sigh'd for Jane;  
 But as a calm succeeds a storm,  
 They both one night agreed in form,  
 That all reproofs should thenceforth cease,  
 And vow'd to live in love and peace :  
 That done, they sat down *cheek by jowl*,  
 To sup off a fine roasted fowl.  
 When Dick, while cursing his blunt knife  
 Launch'd out in praise of his late wife,  
 Who in good order all things held,  
 And ne'er against his will rebell'd :  
 Just in that very nick of time,  
 (And that will answer for a rhyme)  
 A beggar knocking at the door,  
 Cried, " pray relieve the hungry poor,"  
 Snatching up half the fowl from spite,  
 She gave it to the ragged wight,  
 And cry'd, " put up to heav'n your vows  
 " For dear John Trot, my late good spouse."  
 Dick to retort Maria's jest,  
 Call'd back the man, and gave the rest,  
 Bidding him pray with might and main  
 For his first wife, kind-hearted Jane:  
 So what with jokes and spite, 'tis said,  
 The pair went supperless to bed."

I lived with this master eighteen months, when he was drowned by the oversetting of a boat. He was a truly amiable young man, and I regretted his fate exceedingly; for as he was like myself, an unfortunate lover, I felt my heart more closely knit to him by bonds of sympathy. How sudden are our transitions from content to regret, and from grief to joy. This accident, which I considered one of the most sinister and melancholy events of my life, proved immediately instrumental to my own felicity, and indeed without it I should in all probability have been wretched during the remainder of my existence. It proved, however, the means of my discovering Isabella, and preventing her marriage to the hateful attorney, whose addresses were sanctioned by Mrs. M'Donnell.

This lawyer happened to be returning from Westminster-hall in a boat, just as my master's body was taken out of the water, and had it conveyed to his chambers in the Temple, where I was soon sent for, and readily recognized his person. I got into conversation

conversation with a servant who was packing up his things, and found that he had taken out a licence to be married the next morning. As the fellow did not suspect my motives for enquiry, and I concealed my agitation, I obtained every possible information with the address of Isabella, whose inconstancy I could not but lament. I was determined to see and reproach her, whatever the consequence might be. I set off for Kensington that afternoon, where her aunt resided. I went through the gardens, as being a more direct road, but what was my astonishment to find my Isabella reading on a seat. I recognized her person instantly; and approached her unobserved. She was bathing with her tears the pathetic pages of the British Tibullus.

“Hammond (I cried) possessed a mind replete with every virtue, a heart the seat of love the most refin’d, of constancy the most unshaken; and none but the sincere, the tender, and the faithful, should enjoy the luxury of weeping over his doom.” She screamed with astonishment, and threw herself

herself into my arms; nor was it long before she gave me a satisfactory explanation of her conduct. She had heard from some correspondent in Ireland that I was married, a mistake which originated in consequence of one of my first cousins bearing the same name, who was the person in question. Worn out by the intreaties of her aunt, and indifferent to her future fate, Isabella had finally consented to espouse the lawyer. Dreading the consequences of further delay, I intreated her to accompany me to Gretna-green that same afternoon, to which, after much persuasion, she assented, and we went off in the Carlisle mail, my funds not being adequate to the expence of a Post-chaise. She wrote two letters, one to her aunt, and another to the lawyer, saying she had withdrawn herself into the country to avoid a marriage that would have inevitably doomed her to misery; but on our return, when she went to announce to her aunt that marriage which had made her happy, the door was closed against her with many execrations.

Isabella,

Isabella, who bore her aunt a great affection, as she was her only surviving relative, wrote her several pathetic letters, imploring a reconciliation, but received no reply. As my resources were soon exhausted, I was under the necessity of seeking for means of livelihood. Having a growing passion for the classics, I was determined to offer myself as a latin usher to a school newly established near London, where I obtained an engagement.

Isabella, with un murmuring cheerfulness, supported the hardships and privations attendant on the humble station to which I had reduced her, and insisted on contributing to our support by commencing Mantua-maker, at which business she worked with persevering industry, until incapacitated by an event which afforded me the greatest joy I had ever experienced. I was at length compelled to resign my situation as teacher, the master being dissatisfied with my sleeping out of the house, an indulgence which he had reluctantly granted from the beginning, and only under the consideration of my receiving

receiving a reduced salary. As I could not resolve to relinquish my wife's society, I was determined to commence a day-school myself, and was so successful in that undertaking as soon to acquire the means of subsistence. At length, a speculative fellow prevailed on me to join him in opening a Bookseller's shop in London; unfortunately I acceded to his plan, and soon found, to my sorrow, that he was an unprincipled dissipated being, who made me do all the drudgery, and led himself a life of indolence: he became a gamester, and we were ruined. As he had behaved with great baseness to the creditors, their proceedings were rigorous to the utmost. I was arrested and imprisoned, but my partner made his escape to Hamburgh. The affection of my wife seemed to keep pace with the increase of my misfortunes.

She once more worked at Mantua-making, and earned enough to maintain us until she was again brought to bed of our fourth child. My situation then became truly lamentable, and the horror of starvation haunted me day and



and night to such a degree, that I began to fear my faculties would be deranged: to increase my melancholy, I received an affecting letter from poor poet Downey, who was then on his death-bed. This amiable being bore me the most sincere regard, and bequeathed me a few books and other trifling articles, saying, with an effort at pleasantry, that as he had formerly promised to make my *fortune*, he could not do less than leave me sole heir of all his property. He little thought, kind-hearted creature, that what he deemed a mere act of pleasantry, would eventually prove a princely benefaction. On examining his papers, which were brought to me, I found in his pocket-book half a lottery ticket: pressed by the most urgent distress, I had made up my mind to sell it, tickets being then at such an advanced price as was never known on any former occasion; and for that purpose I gave it next day to Isabella, who was just about to enter a lottery-office with a view of offering the ticket to sale, when fixing her eye on an enormous bill in the window, she there read that the  
 ticket

ticket was just drawn a twenty thousand pound prize.

She was so overcome with joy, that it was with difficulty she reached the Fleet-prison, where I was confined : she prudently withheld from me a full disclosure of our good fortune, that I might be gradually brought to bear it; for the irritable state of my mind was then so great, that such intelligence would have been too strong a trial. She at first announced the ticket as a five hundred pounds prize, nor did she venture for several days to trust me with the truth. The first thing I did, after I settled my affairs, was to go over to Ireland, and seek out the relatives of Downey. The only person I could hear of was an aunt, who because she had been long at variance with his father, had treated her nephew with unkindness and neglect. No other member of the family being alive, from respect to my friend's memory, I was determined to rescue this woman from poverty, and place her in a situation which in those days (to an unincumbered person in a cheap country

country like Ireland) was considered affluence itself. I purchased her an annuity of one hundred pounds per annum, for which she was truly grateful. I confess I did not forget to reproach her most severely for her unkindness to her amiable kinsman, and gave her fully to understand what I did was to be wholly considered as a tribute of pious regard for his memory.

In a journey to the Giant's Causeway, I was overtaken by a person mounted on a blood-horse, and attended by a servant in livery. He soon hailed me with a cordial greeting, and proved to be my highly esteemed friend Barney Fitzgerald, the dragoon. I was not less delighted than surprized to find him making such an appearance; but what was my pleasure to hear him gratefully ascribe all his prosperity and happiness to me, as without my tuition he would have been utterly debarred from that promotion in the army, which he ultimately gained. Before he reached the East Indies, he succeeded to the vacancy of a serjeant, who died during the passage; and having distinguished

guished himself frequently in action, he got so strongly recommended to the commander in chief, that in less than two years he was advanced to a second lieutenancy in a regiment of the line. At the capture of Seringapatam, he was a Captain, and was so enriched by the prize-money shared on that occasion, that on his return to Ireland he was enabled to purchase a snug estate. He had recently married an elegant young woman, possessed of a genteel fortune, to whom he soon presented me; for he made me accompany him to his house, which was delightfully situated on the banks of the Shannon.

When he found I was now also myself possessed of an independent fortune, and that I had fixed on no plan for an establishment, he earnestly intreated me to fix my residence as close to him as possible; nothing was more congenial to my wishes than to domesticate tranquilly in my native country in the society of that friend whom I most highly valued, nor was it many months before I purchased a delightful farm, at no  
great

great distance from his house, which from my attention to agriculture has improved so much within these last six years, that I am not only now one of the most contented but also one of the wealthiest farmers in all Ireland; and from having been the *Servant of many Masters*, am now become the *Master of many Servants*.

FINIS.

*M. Allen, Printer, Paternoster-Row, London.*

